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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



BY A "RASH RADICAL."

We are at the old mill-wheel round again, and though everybody has been predicting a great smash-up of the machine, nothing has happened as yet. The Tories do not want a dissolution, for they think that the result might be inconclusive; and the Redmondites do not want it. The Government majority is small, and things may conceivably go so unhappily that it would fall in a bad division. But the tide is not running that way just now.

WITH BLUNTED SWORDS.

Inside the House the debates have been dull in proportion to the unreality which hangs over the House. The best encounter in finish and style has been that in the House of Lords between Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury. Mr. Balfour has been thin and a little depressed, and Sir William Harcourt, finding nothing in particular to answer, made a perfunctory reply, and the rest of the debate on the opening day was emptiness. In the Lords, however, there was a really vigorous set-to. It was a brilliant scene, the gallery crowded with fine ladies in furs and cloaks, conspicuous among them the tall Princess May, in a rich dress of black and gold. Lord Salisbury can always be reckoned upon for a speech every sentence of which will be followed with interest. It is often a burlesque of great statesmanship, but it is humour, it is irony, it is rough wit play. Curiously enough, Lord Rosebery, who is sometimes immature and *gauche* on the platform, never fails in the House of Lords. I think he must like the atmosphere, which certainly suits him; and sure it is that, though he is not so strong a character as Lord Salisbury, he often defeats him in these verbal conflicts. His answer was dexterous, shrewd, and animated in form and manner. Lord Rosebery is quite violent for such a pattern of decorum as the House of Lords. He raises his arms, whirls his papers about, and generally behaves as if he really felt what he was saying. It is all extremely disturbing to the Peers. But not even Lord Rosebery was so animated as Lord Herschell in his impassioned repudiation of the charges which the *Law Journal* and the daily papers made against him. The Lord Chancellor is a very good rhetorician, though his accent is a little common, and his presence, though it gives you the impression of a strong, keen intellect, is not great. But he made a very able speech.

THE HARDIE ANNUAL.

One excitement, however, we have had in the Commons, and that was the practically annual revival of Mr. Keir Hardie's old proposal for instant dealing with the question of the unemployed. At length Mr. Hardie has won a real success. He has impressed the House, has wrung a Committee of Inquiry from the Government—though this fact is, I may say, due more to Mr. Burns than to his colleague in the Labour movement—and he has made a sensible little speech, free from the rather calculated effects in theatrical defiance which furnish the intellectual complement to Mr. Keir Hardie's cap and tweed trousers. Nor do I think the Government could safely have refused the Committee. Four or five Radical members have been deeply impressed with the troubles of the poor with whom they came in contact during the recess. London members, knowing the extent of the trouble, were uneasy, and some of them were almost inclined to vote for an amendment to the Address, even though it involved the fall of the Ministry. Mr. Burns was persistent, and the Government properly gave way. Having decided to give the Inquiry, Sir William Harcourt acted with great dexterity; his tone was sympathetic, and he gave the Committee a wide scope. All the good he did, however, was all but spoiled by Mr. Shaw Lefevre. It is always a miracle to me why this gentleman finds a place in Cabinet after Cabinet. He is a painstaking official, but he is by no means of the calibre of which the Liberal Minister of 1895 ought to be made. He wants imagination, strength, insight. If he had delivered such a speech as that in reply to Mr. Chaplin before the grant of a Committee, I verily believe the Government would have been wrecked. To tell people, when they are starving, that they are consuming more tea and sugar than they did a year or so ago, is just like the kind of dry mockery of social statistics that the old economists used to fling at our heads. Mr. Keir Hardie did very well. His speech was the best I have heard him deliver. His arguments were strong and sensible, his sentences were correct and well-balanced, and the Scottish burr was not at all unpleasant to hear. If Mr. Keir Hardie will only maintain his new attitude, he may be a power in the House.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

When the House did actually assemble last week, after the long and exceedingly animated holiday, it was not to be wondered at if things at first seemed a trifle dull. The early days of the Address were distinctly dull, as far as speeches go. Mr. Balfour has come back to the House in rather a *piano* mood, and Sir William Harcourt was suffering from a cold, which made him heavy without any of his heavy fun, which, indeed, is often very good fun.

MR. BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour is a good deal talked about just now among Conservatives. For one thing, he has been very much "off colour" during the recess. His speeches in the provinces have not had that fire which he had shown in the House. And then he has just produced a book on philosophy, which reminds us all that the Conservative leader was a very good amateur philosopher before he turned, from a very amateur politician, into the "first-class fighting man" which he showed himself to be as Irish Secretary. Whether Mr. Balfour as a philosopher is quite as popular with his party as Mr. Balfour the Irish Secretary, I doubt. A Conservative is generally inclined to leave metaphysics to the "other fellows," who have no landed estates to look after. Mr. Chaplin, now, though he is a Bimetallist, and lets us know it, can hardly be called a philosopher. And the philosophy of a politician, as such, is usually of a coarser fibre than Mr. Balfour's subtle analysis of scientific methods. Nevertheless, it is likely that Mr. Balfour's character will stand higher, outside the House and in the country, for the fact that he stands as a champion of religion as well as of religious establishments; and perhaps this added lustre will be reflected in the House of Commons ultimately, though just at present the Conservative leader seems to have sunk for a period into too philosophic a temper for the fighting men of the party.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE HOUSE.

It takes a week or two for the House to discover itself properly after a holiday, and the first days of the debate on the Address were only varied by a wondering curiosity as to what changes were really made since last session. Most members were occupied anywhere but in the House itself. The newly altered precincts and the Lobby contained more that was interesting than any announcement likely to be made from the Treasury Bench. Yet, with the exception of Mr. Balfour, whose personality is always interesting, there is little new this session. Mr. Chamberlain will, of course, be watched very carefully at the opening of the session. It was supposed, before the House met, that he and Mr. Balfour were agreed on their tactics, but the tame beginning and the delay in drafting an official Front Bench amendment to the Address were significant of something like a hitch. As the fate of the discussion on Welsh Disestablishment and the Irish Land Bill depends on Mr. Chamberlain's attitude, the Liberal Unionist leader evidently does not mean to make himself cheap. Among the rank and file on both sides there is stagnation. The opening of a new session is not like the opening of a new Parliament, and it seems to be generally recognised that there is no real opportunity, now that Parliament is so obviously coming to an end, for the rank and file to do anything but vote. Some excitement has been caused by the resignation of Captain Naylor-Leyland, who has 'verted to the Radicals, and the even more startling conversion to revolt of Mr. Clement Higgins, Q.C., who cannot stomach the campaign against the Lords. But otherwise, except for the welcome accorded to Mr. George Curzon on his return from Afghanistan, and some surprise because Lord Wolmer has said nothing about the Irish cheques, the only personal topic has been the question of the new political groups. The Parnellites and the Independent Labour Party are now in the central position of interest, for the rumoured resignation of Mr. Healy (true only so far as concerns a deadly split within the Anti-Parnellite Party) will not affect either side. But Mr. Keir Hardie's value has already been shown in the promise of a Committee on the Unemployed, and Mr. Redmond is always uncertain, since his determination to make the Parnellites the real Home Rule Party in Ireland does not necessarily oblige him to do all that he threatens in Parliament. He will be weakened considerably, by the way, by the loss of Mr. Maguire, a very clever man, who, in marrying Miss Peel, will retire from Parliament at the next election.

The List of Applications will be closed at or before 4 p.m. on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, for Town; and the following Morning for the Country.

BEN EVANS & CO., Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

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DIVIDED INTO

100,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH.

3000 FOUNDERS' SHARES OF £1 EACH.

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THE DEBENTURE STOCK will be secured by First Mortgage to the Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders on the undermentioned freehold and leasehold premises, and by a floating first charge in their favour on the undertaking and general assets of the Company. The Stock will be registered in the Company's Books and be transferable in sums of £10, or in multiples of £10. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid half-yearly thereon from the 1st January, 1895, and a full half-yearly Coupon will be payable on the 1st July next.

The Stock will be redeemable at 110 per cent. by twenty annual drawings, commencing on the 1st January, 1910, or the whole amount may be paid off at the same rate by the Company at any time after that date on giving six months' notice.

After payment in each year of a dividend of 7 per cent. on the ORDINARY SHARES, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a reserve fund, will be divisible in equal moieties between the Holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

46,700 Ordinary Shares, and 32,100 Debenture Stock, have already been subscribed for by the Directors, Employees, and others (exclusive of what may be allotted to the Vendors as part of the purchase-price in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus), and will be allotted in full.

Applications at par for the remaining Ordinary Shares, and at 105 per cent. for Debenture stock, payable as follows, may be lodged with the Company's Bankers—

DEBENTURE STOCK.

10 per cent. on Application.
20 " " Allotment.
75 " " March 1, 1895.

ORDINARY SHARES.

5/ on Application.
5/ " Allotment; and
10/ " March 1, 1895.

The whole amount may be paid up on allotment under discount at 3 per cent. per annum.

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GWILYM EVANS, J.P., Pencastell, Llanelly.
JAMES PARKER, 1, Whittington Avenue, London, E.C.
JOHN WHITE, Swansea, Managing Director.

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THE GLAMORGANSHIRE BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, Swansea } and branches.

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STEPHEN P. WILLS, Swansea.
E. J. EVANS, 47, Corn Street, and Stock Exchange, Bristol.
J. W. COURTIS AND CO., Bank Buildings and Stock Exchange, Cardiff.

AUDITORS.

PERCY MASON AND CO., 84, Gresham Street, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

ALFRED R. GERY, 2, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.

SECRETARY (PRO TEM.) AND OFFICES.

THOMAS NEVELL, 26, Leadenhall Buildings, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to purchase, as a going concern, the well-known business established upwards of twenty-five years ago, in Swansea, by Mr. Benjamin Evans, who has recently retired from business owing to failing health.

The business is one of, if not the most, prosperous in South Wales, and has from very small proportions steadily grown until it has acquired its present position. It is admirably situated in the important Commercial Centre of a very populous and thriving district, and includes departments for Drapery, Linens, Dress Materials, Silks, Costumes, Ladies' Outfitting, Mantles, Millinery, Men's Mercery and Boys' Outfitting, Furniture, Carpets, Ironmongery, Boots and Shoes, Sporting requisites, and most other articles in household and general requirement.

Owing to its constant and rapid growth it became necessary to rebuild the principal part of the premises, an improvement which has taken nearly two years to accomplish, and Castle Bailey Street, in which the property is situated, formerly a narrow street, has now, by the widening of the road, been converted into one of the most important business thoroughfares in the town. The present magnificent building, which has been constructed with special regard to the requirements of the business, and is shown by the sketch elsewhere, represents one of the finest structural elevations erected in connection with the Drapery Trade.

The importance of the opening of the new buildings in November last was specially recognised by the Corporation of Swansea, when the Mayor and Town Council, accompanied by the late Lord Swansea, and other prominent men in the district (as will be seen from the enclosed reprints of speeches) attended at the premises to formally declare them open.

The present circle of customers is very numerous, and the increase in their number, since the completion of the new premises, is the best proof that the public appreciate the convenience and comfort afforded them for making their purchases.

The business has, in addition to the custom derived from the inhabitants of Swansea, the population of which exceeds 100,000, for many years been a great attraction for visitors from the immediate neighbourhood, and from districts twenty-five or thirty miles distant. The direct facilities afforded by the opening of the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway to the large population residing in the Rhondda Valleys and other neighbouring centres of South Wales industries, cannot fail, in the opinion of the Directors, to have a beneficial influence on the business, and to largely increase the numbers contributing to its trade.

The premises consist principally of freehold property, situated at Nos. 15, Castle Square; 2, 3, 4, and 5, Castle Bailey Street; 1, Temple Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, Caer Street; 26, 27, and 28, Goat Street; Warehouse in Temple Lane; Stables and Dwelling House in Frog Street; and of the following leasehold property, viz.: Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7, Temple Street, held on leases for terms of not less than 17 and up to 23 years at the low annual rental of £750, besides a short lease at a rental of £70 per annum and up to 46, Castle Bailey Street, opposite the main building, and used as a dépôt for Sporting requisites.

The continuous window frontage of more than 370 feet affords admirable space for the display of the extensive assortment of goods sold in the establishment, and the rebuilding of the premises has more than doubled the area of the floor-accommodation, bringing it up to considerably over 2 acres, thus affording ample room for the anticipated increase of trade.

The chief aim of the firm has always been to provide for their customers in Swansea and South Wales an establishment which, for extent and quality of the stock kept, and the fashions and novelties exhibited, should occupy a place in the first rank in the country, and the success of the business, in a large measure, is due to the superior organisation of all departments, and to the principle adopted of selling at a small profit.

The number of employees, including the heads of departments, exceeds 350, and it is proposed to make a judicious and liberal allotment of the capital to such applicants, as well as to customers, so that they will have a direct interest in the increasing prosperity of the business. Mr. Benjamin Evans, the founder of the business, has also applied for a substantial part of the Share and Debenture Capital of the Company.

In order that the system of management under which the business has been carried on with such remarkable success in the past may be continued in the future, Mr. John White, who has for 16 years acted as General Manager of the business, will take a seat on the Directorate as Managing Director, and has entered into an agreement with the Company to continue his services for a term of five years, under which his additional income, compared with that received at present, will depend on the continued growth of the Company's prosperity. It is also intended to continue the existing arrangements with the experienced staff of buyers and assistants.

The directorate has been selected so as to consist of practical business men only, whose wide experience will be of great advantage in extending the scope of the business.

The approximate present Market quotation ruling for such investments is an indication of the appreciation in which investments in similar successful concerns are held—

Debentures, comparing with the present 5 per cent. issue, which is redeemable at 105 per cent. — 110 — 112

Harrod's Stores, Ltd.	£1 Shares	77½ — 80/	5 per cent., redeemable at 105 per cent.	— 110 — 112
D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd.	£1	32½ — 35/	No debentures issued.	
J. R. Roberts, Ltd.	£1	27½ — 30/	5 per cent., redeemable at 105 per cent.	— 104 — 107
Crisp and Co., Ltd.	£1	25/ — 27½	4½ per cent.	— 105 — 106
John Barker and Co., Ltd.	£1	37½ — 40/	4½ per cent.	— 116 — 119

The actual outlay in connection with the freehold property, buildings, fixtures, fittings, carts, horses, vans, dynamos, electric lighting apparatus, furniture, gas engine, hydraulic lift, &c., has been

The leasehold premises are of an estimated value of £95,485
... .. 5,784

Making together £101,269

towards which amount the Corporation of Swansea have contributed the sum of £16,000 in consideration of Mr. Evans undertaking the widening of Castle Bailey Street.

The price to be paid therefor, including the sum paid for the valuable goodwill of the business, has been fixed by the Vendors, who, as promoters, make a profit, at £133,750, payable as to £70,000 in cash, and the balance in Shares or cash, at the option of the Company.

The business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing from Jan. 1 last, will be transferred to the Company, and the book-debts outstanding at that date will be collected by the Company for account of the Vendors, who will, on the other hand, discharge all liabilities up to the same date, whilst the stock-in-trade is to be purchased at cost, in accordance with the Firm's estimated stock books, plus the actual outlay on goods manufactured on the premises.

Messrs. Percy Mason and Co., the well-known London accountants, who have audited the books of the firm for twenty years, report as follows:—

To the Directors of MONTAGU HOUSE, 64, GRESHAM STREET, BANK, E.C.,
MESSRS. BEN EVANS AND CO., LIMITED. LONDON, Feb. 1895.

GENTLEMEN.—We have for the last twenty years regularly audited the books of Messrs. B. Evans and Co., Swansea. We certify that they have been very carefully kept, and that the average annual net profits for the past four years ending Feb. 28 last, after making proper provision for depreciations in respect of leases, fixtures, etc., bad debts and expenses, amount to £13,030 18s. 10d.

The business is a sound and improving one, and the average net profits would, in our opinion, have been considerably larger but for the disorganisation of the business during the past two years, caused by the pulling down and re-erection of the premises.

The preceding years have shown a steady increase in the sales, and the accommodation in the new premises being far larger and greatly superior to that afforded in the old premises, we see no reason to doubt that the increase in the sales will continue now the buildings are completed.—We are, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully
(Signed) PERCY MASON AND CO.

Although the building operations have only quite recently been completed, the business has promptly responded, and Mr. Ben Evans has shown his confidence in its future success by agreeing to guarantee that the net result of the current financial year will not be less than the above average.

The sales have within the last ten years increased by about 50 per cent., and the increase in the net profits exceeds this percentage. With the growing popularity of the business, the greatly enlarged and embellished new premises, and the publicity created by its conversion into a Joint-Stock Company, by which a direct interest therein will be given to employees and customers, there is every reason to anticipate a similar if not greater ratio of progress in the future.

Taking the average net profits of the two years before building operations were commenced—namely, £14,934—as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay—

5 per cent. Interest on £75,000 Debenture Stock	£3,750
7 " " " on 100,000 Ordinary Shares	7,000
	£10,750

leaving a surplus of £4,181 available for additional dividend or reserves.

The value of the freehold and leasehold properties, furniture, fixtures, &c., alone exceeds the amount of the Debenture Stock, irrespective of the value of the stock-in-trade, and other working capital amounting to £45,000, and consequently not only the Debenture issue, but also the larger part of the Ordinary Share Capital, is represented by solid tangible assets. The annual interest payable on the Debenture Stock will, as shown above, absorb less than one-third of the present net earnings of the Company.

It will also be seen that, compared with recent similar issues, the price paid for the goodwill has been fixed at a very low figure.

Application will be made for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Applications for Debenture Stock and Shares, on the accompanying forms, may be lodged with Lloyds Bank, Limited, London, Swansea, and Branches; or the Glamorganshire Banking Company, Limited, Swansea, or their Branches, with a remittance for the amount of deposit.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitor.
London, Feb. 12, 1895.

THEATRICAL "FROSTS."

Two recent theatrical first-night "frosts" have set everybody talking about the right to hiss, and in this connection it is interesting to note a few remarks from a decision on the subject delivered by Judge McAdam in New York. According to him, "hissing is inflammatory, and therefore dangerous, and at all times unseemly. The inclination of the majority may be to protect the performers, but this does not better things, for it is apt to bring on a collision between the spectators which would constitute a breach of the peace, and a consequent infraction of the law." Surely the learned judge does not imagine that free fights are of frequent occurrence when the right to hiss is asserted. Many will agree with him in what he says, that "if any body of men agree to go to the theatre with the settled intention of hissing the actors, or damaging a piece, such a scheme would amount to a conspiracy"; but how often really are such "cabals" formed? The cruel hissing of ladies and distinguished men of letters is a very different matter, and is to be censured as severely as can be.

As there is no part in "King Arthur" for Mr. Sam Johnson, that veteran comedian is, by permission of Mr. Irving, open to special engagements. There is no trait in Henry Irving's character more lovable than his loyalty to old friends. Mr. Sam Johnson was a member of the late E. D. Davis's company at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, where Mr. Irving made his professional debut in 1856. Twenty-two years later, when Mr. Irving obtained control of our own Lyceum in Wellington Street, he hastened to enlist the services of his comrade of bygone days, and at the Lyceum Mr. Johnson has remained ever since.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If mere variety of sensation be demanded, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new story, "A London Legend" (Chatto), will be satisfactory. The plot is a kind of joke, containing incidents of every complexion, ancient and modern. Let me mention a few things that directly affect the fates of the hero and heroine: Greek art, Socialism, a contested election, snake-charming, Surrey scenery, a tussle on Primrose Hill, a doorway with secret springs in Camden Town, attempted murder by a mysterious Indian, who hurls a brass ball at his victim, and finding himself foiled, poisons himself with a cobra's fang that he keeps handy about his person. Add that the hero, a Socialist man of letters, marries a peer's beautiful daughter, who has been masquerading as a lady of quite moderate degree and advanced opinions, and you will allow there is enough to fill three volumes very full. It is difficult to say if the book is a joke or not: there are some tremendously earnest, not to say solemn, pages in it.

The gift of brevity in thoughtful verse is rare. It is exemplified in a little volume issued from the Bodley Head, printed in America, and written, presumably, by an American, John B. Tabb. Many of the poems are single quatrains. Hardly one is longer than a sonnet. Yet they are not epigrams in intention or fact, but separate poetical thoughts expressed in metre, with as little adornment as possible, but that fine in quality. This economical, fastidious kind of verse is lacking in full-blooded energy, of course. But it has nervous strength, and its self-restraint permits no wordy nonsense. And if these little verses, stuck singly in the corners of the nearly blank pages, don't say all there is to be said on the subject, they scatter seeds of suggestion in the chance soil of readers' minds. Here are two from the semi-religious poems. One is called "A Stone's Throw"—

Lo! Death another pebble far doth fling
Into the midmost sea,
To leave of life an ever-widening ring
Upon Eternity.

The other, "Out of Bounds"—

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
That sin has cast away.
O comrades! let us, one and all,
Join in to get Him back His ball.

Professor Dowden, by his new "Golden Treasury" selections, will doubtless send some readers back to Southey who have left off his acquaintance since the perusal of "The Curse of Kchama" in their schooldays, or of "The Holly-Tree" in the nursery. They will go back, but it is doubtful if they will linger long. But the editor does not write his preface for such, for those rather who have never ceased to do Southey real, if a little distant and ceremonious, honour. He clears the wood of a great deal of obstructive and irritating undergrowth, and points old lovers to old paths now made smoother. Perhaps he would fain win an entirely new generation to walk there. Here his success will be doubtful. There is excellent stuff in Southey, and hardly any charm. Once the atmosphere of his time has gone—it lingers still in the brains of some older readers—it is hardly possible to revive his influence. With the exception of some ballads, the interest of his poetry is literary and historical rather than poetical. But, nevertheless, he had his fine moments, and Professor Dowden has selected them. Very truly he says, "The best mode of approach to his writings is, perhaps, through his biography." In the queer, irregular, broken-down medley group of poets—speaking from a commonplace point of view—his is a fine, solid, manly figure to meet. And if Southey's poems pass to the shelves of the Great Unread, his letters, his friendships, his life, will not be forgotten.

Since we must have advertisements, we may as well have pretty and amusing ones. Three such, issued by publishers, are before me, and they make one wonder why a trade that serves the arts should so seldom have been effectively served by them before. One of them promises to appear periodically, with the frank purpose of setting out attractively extracts and summaries and pictures to tempt purchasers of the wares of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden. It is called the *Paper Knife*. A second is Mr. John Lane's charming reprint (a printer's triumph) of the life of Sir Thomas Bodley, with a preface relative to the history of the now well-known Bodley Head in Vigo Street. The third is of more popular interest—"Good Reading about many Books, mostly by their authors," sent out by Mr. Unwin, who has persuaded his authors of this season to speak of themselves, their works, and to supply their portraits. They have done the thing with considerable dignity, and, as some of them are very popular—John Oliver Hobbes, Mr. Crockett, Sir C. Gavan Duffy, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. J. J. Jusserand—Mr. Unwin's overture should be successful. One funny thing, however, I have encountered. Mr. Muir, the author of a sufficiently entertaining book, "The Mountains of California," has left someone else to write about him, and this is what the anonymous misguided writer says: "Mr. Muir never poses like Thoreau, whom he otherwise resembles in his worship of Nature and intimacy with wild animals: he keeps his personality in the background; nor does he, like Thoreau, drag in human analogies and moralisings on man and his ways." Fancy Thoreau's books without his personality or his human analogies and moralisings—"Hamlet" without the Prince! And, we are tempted to say, fancy Mr. Muir's with anything of the kind! Mr. Muir is wiser than his friend.

o. o

"A LEADER OF MEN," AT THE COMEDY.

During a few minutes Robert Llewelyn, M.P., leader of the Labour Party, was dazed. For the sake of Cecilia Dundas, he had betrayed his friends, his cause, his party; for her he had determined to sacrifice name, fame, and career. He was about to elope with her, a married woman, and to elope with her on the very night that should have seen his triumph in the House over his old adversary, Lord Killarney, M.P., and lo! at the last moment, his friend, Louis Farquhar, had convinced him that the woman was a mere adventuress, a mercenary, used by the Conservatives to destroy a dangerous adversary. He had fought hard against the evidence of her guilt; yet it was heavy. There was a rumour in the *Comet* of his retirement, yet only he, Louis, and Cecilia knew of his intention. Mrs. Dundas had received a cheque for two thousand pounds from Lord Killarney for her services; but, worst of all, she had come to the trysting-place, and then gone away in Lord Killarney's carriage, after bidding the servant hold his tongue.

Llewelyn was not one of the sublime, mad lovers who can believe in the *Her*, whatever evidence there may be against; so conviction overcame him. With conviction came wrath, and a cruel joy in the fact that her scheme was exposed too soon—there was still time for him to go to the House and overthrow the Ministers who had stooped to employ such a Delilah. Even as he rose, gladdening his friends, Farquhar and Carnforth, by his stout words, the door was opened and Cecilia Dundas entered, with a face in which battled joy and regret, gladness and awe. "Yes," said she, in reply to his indignant question, "I went away in Lord Killarney's carriage to see him—my husband; but he was dying. He is dead. Death, Robert, has come between us and sin!"

It was with a joyful heart that Llewelyn set off for the battle in the House, since he knew that the woman who had seemed only attainable through sin, shame, and ruin had become free, could be his honoured wife instead of dishonoured mistress—his aid in a glorious career, and not the mere sharer of an inglorious existence.

And Cecilia? Only three days earlier life appeared at its blackest. Her husband, the man who at first had treated her as a toy and then ill-treated her as a slave, had come back to England after a voyage to Africa, and insisted upon putting an end to a separation sarcastically called "amicable," and required her to live with him, under pain of forfeiting her allowance. She had grown to hate him just as she had grown to love Llewelyn; but neither the hate nor love were, for a while, strong enough to bridge the gulf between her and the desperate step she dreaded and longed to take. For, although Llewelyn had spoken no word of his love, she knew well enough: how could she help knowing when his voice was eloquent, even if his words were cold—when his eyes spoke the thoughts that he kept his tongue from uttering? She encouraged him, no doubt. The gossips were justified in some of their comments, though his friends—who fancied that, because she received Lord Killarney, Llewelyn's great adversary, she was playing spy—were utterly wrong. It was the work of these friends that had caused the rash step which, but for the kindly intervention of death, would have brought about the catastrophe.

With the idea that it would force the Labour leader apart from Cecilia, one of the political friends had inserted in the *Comet*, the party paper, a paragraph which hinted that the man and woman were over-friendly. Before it appeared Llewelyn had told her of his love, but his suit had been repulsed, ardently as she longed to yield. The paper brought Lord Killarney to her, and another old friend, who begged her to go back to her husband, since in no other way could her reputation be saved. There was a third course, of which the two old men had no thought. Flight from England with Llewelyn was possible—flight and abandonment of all the nothings she had valued for sake of the one that she treasured. As soon as Llewelyn came to bid her farewell, she—the woman who half an hour before had confessed her love, but set her honour at a higher value—sought refuge in his arms, and told him to take her, take her away from the cruel life of gossip, slander, and intrigue. To him it meant loss of all that, till then, had made life seem splendid; yet he did not hesitate. Cecilia, weighed against power and fame, proved the heavier by immeasurable degree. Who, then, could give any idea of his agony during the few minutes after his friends had convinced him that Cecilia was a traitress?

Mr. Charles E. D. Ward is a lucky man. He has disproved the popular theory of the inaccessibility of managers, for Mr. Comyns Carr has produced his play, though it had nothing but its merit to recommend it. Has Mr. Carr been wise? The house seemed to say—yes. No doubt the piece is not a masterpiece. The most antique of playgoers will feel that the solution by the death of the husband is paltry, and that the author has not by success quite justified his audacity in trying to put on the stage men of such force as the two chief politicians of England. Moreover, it is indisputable that the technique exhibits inexperience, and that in actual *facture* the author has chosen old-fashioned models. Yet, Mr. Ward really shows promise, and something more; for his play, even before cutting, and though poorly acted by several members of the company, was good enough to be interesting and please the house and the critics. Every quality that the dramatist needs may be found in "A Leader of Men"; therefore one may well hope for remarkable work in the future. Beyond saying that Miss Marion Terry was delightful as Cecilia, that Miss Alma Murray acted charmingly, and Mr. W. Wyes gave a clever character-sketch, there seems little to note in the acting, unless one remarks that Mr. Fred Terry is growing painfully jerky in style, and hard in manner, and that several members of the company acted with little confidence or skill.

MONOCLE.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"Curtain-raisers" so pretty as that which has been put on at the Lyric are rare. It need not be pretended that "Papa's Wife" is a masterpiece, but it is ingenious and amusing. Such a combination as Mr. F. C. Phillips and Mr. Seymour Hicks ought to prove successful in dealing with the capital subject they have chosen in the tale of the young artist who falls in love with the woman who poses as his new step-mother, wants to run away for fear of becoming a masculine Phædra, and then discovers that he has been fooled by his father's new step-daughter, and that she has fallen into her own trap. It can easily be believed that Miss Ellaline Terriss would delight everyone in her part of the sham step-mother. But, alas! she has been delighting nobody, for sickness, impartial and relentless, has held her, and only those who were present on the informal Saturday *première* of "Papa's Wife," to which the Press was not invited, have had the pleasure of seeing her in the charming work, for which she has written some pretty music. Mr. Seymour Hicks acted very cleverly as the young artist. "His Excellency" is still drawing big houses, as well it ought, for it is the best thing Mr.

sense some people have of propriety is offended. Mr. Edouin as the Heathen Chinee is certainly funny. Bret Harte's famous poem as to the Celestial whose smile "was childlike and bland" was capitally represented by him, and the celebrated game of euchre, in which the Occidental was "cleared out," proved very diverting, though, perhaps, it may be hinted that the humour would be deeper if the card-sharper were less shallow. The effect of the work, as a whole, was to please the house.

Perhaps it was because "Margate" is an unattractive name at this season of the year, certain it is that Mr. Barton White's play at Terry's failed to please most of the critics; yet it is to the author's credit that those who stayed the longest wrote the most amiable notices. No doubt, the author has hit upon no idea of startling novelty, nor in handling his materials has shown more than the skill of a British cook in dealing with "made dishes." Nevertheless, there is wit in the work, some power of character-drawing, and an aptitude for invention of comic business. Like most young dramatists, he has kept piling up comic episodes without paying nice-enough regard to the ground-plan of his work, and therefore at times obscurity, that may be likened to the Egyptian plague of darkness, came over the piece. Yet, if the work



THE SOLDIERS IN "HIS EXCELLENCY," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by Hana, 443, Strand.

*You may laugh at our dancing schoolery,
It's all very well—it amuses you;*

*But how would you like this dashed tomfoolery
Every day from ten to two?*

Gilbert has done for years. One speaks of the librettist, in this instance, rather than of the composer, because to him is due the greater credit for the excellency of the opera.

"Babes, or W(h)ines from the Wood," is an honourable kind of title for the burlesque at the Strand Theatre. Perhaps—to use the popular phrase—it "gives the show away"; but, at least, no one can complain of having been deceived as to the nature of the entertainment. Simple word-twisting humour is offered by the title, and everyone gets a full allowance. Some of us, no doubt, have come to adopt the views of Oliver Wendell Holmes concerning puns, or "verbicide," as he called the offence; but for nine-tenths of the people the mechanical word-distortions have not yet been driven out of fashion by the equally mechanical idea-distortions of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Consequently there is a public for "Babes." There is comic stuff in Mr. Harry Paulton's burlesque, and Mr. Edouin makes the most of it, while several members of his company aid him well in the struggle for laughter. Some of my neighbours, notably one, who gave me a stiff neck by laughing boisterously into the nape of it, were delighted by the work of Miss Alice Atherton. It may be an affair of purely personal prejudice; but, at any rate, I felt distressed to see a lady, who so long has been a public favourite, appear as a child in very short frocks, with pink tights and white socks. No one could pretend that Mrs. Edouin adopts a costume so ill-suited to romping for any reason other than that of propriety in relation to the part; yet the

never touched what, with apologies to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, I may call "the top of laughter," it never fell to the bottom, but succeeded in striking an average a little on the right side of the middle. The best acting was done by Mr. Robert Nainby, a clever farcical comedian, who deserves better work than he generally gets; and Mr. Dagnall, whose performance as a waiter proved to be very funny.

Playgoers have proverbially short memories, but surely few people will have forgotten that Miss Leonora Braham, who made her West-End-reappearance in "An Artist's Model" at Daly's, used to be a very bright and most particular star in the D'Oyly Carte-Gilbert-Sullivan combination, first at the Opéra Comique, and, later on, at the Savoy. For the best part of the 'eighties she filled the chief soprano rôles in the famous series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and, in so doing, greatly augmented a reputation for piquant acting and artistic vocalisation which she had first established in London at the German Reed entertainment. Miss Braham parted company with Mr. Carte in 1888, and since that time has toured in South America and in South Africa.

Messrs. Waller and Morell are going to try a novel experiment, in giving a *matinée* at five o'clock. Next Tuesday "An Ideal Husband" will be played at this hour, and will terminate at 7.30. The management are of opinion that there are a large number of City men living in the suburbs to whom this hour will be a convenience.

CHILDREN AS LIVING PICTURES.

Photographs by Henry Spink, jun., Brighton.



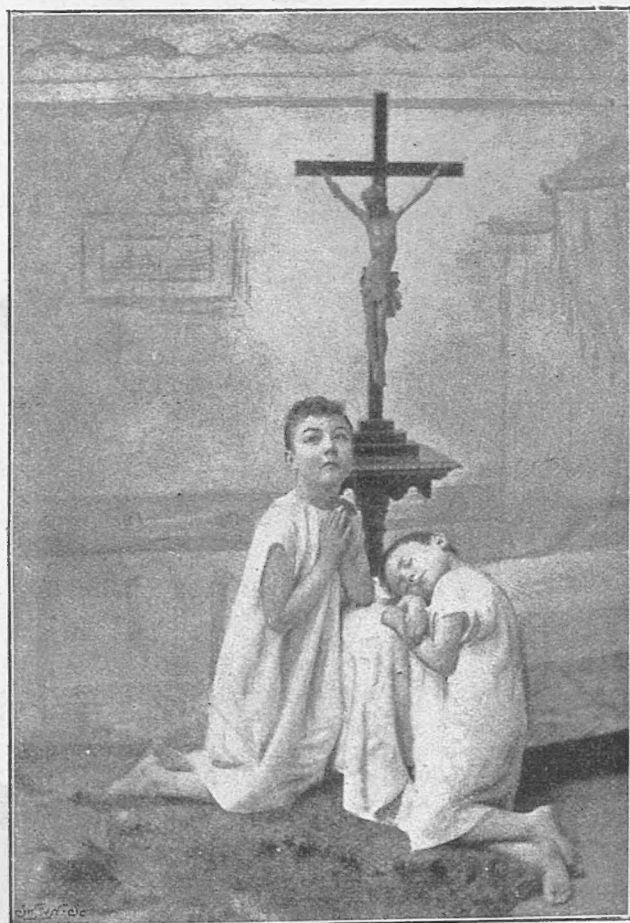
OULD IRELAND.

Masters Adge Loftus, Snowy Hedler, and Miss Birdie Loftus.



THE KERRY RECRUIT.

Master Adge and Miss Birdie Loftus.



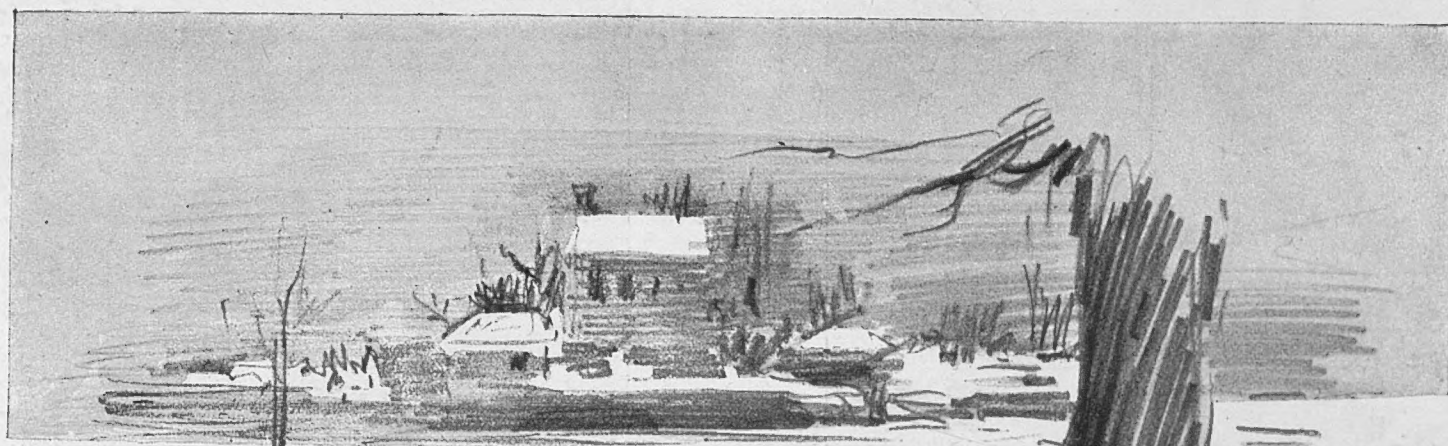
THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Masters Snowy and Jack Hedler.



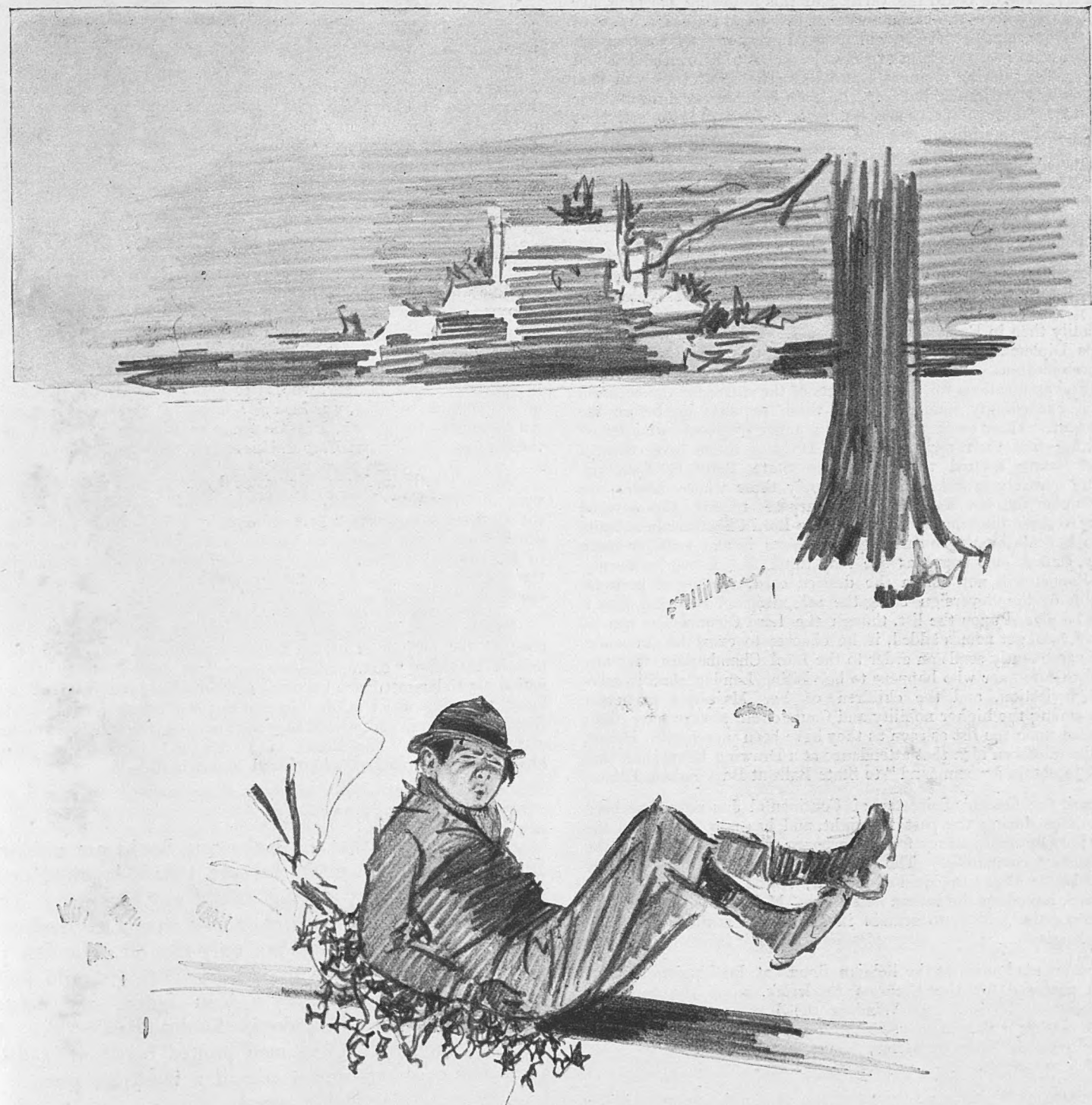
TOBOGGANING.

Masters Jack and Snowy Hedler.



HOLLY —

P. H. MA



OH!

THE MAN

SMALL TALK.

The recent cold weather appears to have greatly benefited the Queen, and she is just now in excellent health and spirits. Her Majesty has taken a long drive in an open carriage nearly every day during her residence at Osborne. According to present arrangements, the Queen is to leave Windsor on the morning of Tuesday, March 19, for Portsmouth Harbour, where the royal party will embark at the railway jetty on board the Victoria and Albert, which is to start for Cherbourg directly the luggage has been transferred. On arriving at Cherbourg, the Queen will dine and sleep on board the yacht, and the following morning her Majesty will start from the harbour station by special train, made up of her own private saloon-carriages, which afford every conceivable comfort. This special train is always kept at Brussels, and is to be overhauled and done up generally during the next fortnight. The royal train will pass round Paris by the Circular Railway, the train being stopped for an hour in order that the royal party may dine. Her Majesty is to arrive at Nice on Thursday morning.

The Queen's decision to come direct from Osborne to Buckingham Palace was arrived at under the advice of her medical attendants. The doctors do not wish her Majesty to go to the Castle a day earlier than can be avoided, as the heavy floods, followed by the recent severe frost, have left portions of the town in anything but a sanitary condition.

The first Drawing-Room will be an unusually brilliant function, as it is expected that the Empress Frederick, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and most of the members of the Royal Family then in England will be present. The Queen will receive the Corps Diplomatique and the Ministers on this occasion, and the general presentations will be taken for her Majesty by the Princess of Wales. The applications for special grants of the *entrée* for the occasion have been exceedingly numerous. All these requests go before the Queen herself. There are a considerable number of people who persist in imagining that their appearance at a Drawing-Room gives them a chance of being invited to one of the State Balls or Concerts. This is an entirely mistaken idea, for only those whose names are inscribed upon the list kept for that purpose receive the coveted invitations to these functions. Each year the Lord Chamberlain submits this list to her Majesty, who carefully scrutinises it, and adds, or more frequently, strikes out, names as she may think fit. Going to twenty Drawing-Rooms will not obtain the desired card, the direct personal intervention of the Sovereign being the sole means of ensuring that a name will be placed upon the list, though the Lord Chamberlain can, of course, as a rule, get names added, if he chooses to exert his influence. The Queen frequently sends an order to the Lord Chamberlain that any distinguished foreigner who happens to be visiting London shall receive a special invitation, and the children of her Majesty's particular favourites among the higher nobility and Court circle always have their names placed upon the list as soon as they have been presented. Hence, perhaps, the mistaken idea that attendance at a Drawing-Room is all that is requisite to obtain a "command" to State Balls at Buckingham Palace.

M. Dossé, the Queen's Director of Continental Journeys, has been staying at Nice during the past fortnight, and has now settled all the details of the Queen's journey from Cherbourg with the officials of the various railway companies. The royal suite will consist of Lady Churchill, Major Bigge, a Maid-of-Honour, Abdul Karim, and about fifty servants, including the Indian domestics. M. Dossé will travel with the Queen's train, and is to remain in attendance until her Majesty returns to England.

The apartments known as the Belgian Rooms at Buckingham Palace have been prepared for the Empress Frederick, when she comes to London with the Queen. At Windsor the Empress will have the Tapestry Rooms, near the corridor. These rooms are hung with portraits of the late Princess Alice of Hesse, the present German Emperor, his father, and his grandfather.

The Prince of Wales's racing yacht, the *Britannia*, completed her outfit last week, and the crew signed articles. The yacht has now left Cowes for Gibraltar, on her way to Marseilles.

Among recent arrivals at Monte Carlo are Lord and Lady Francis Hope (Miss May Yohé). Crowds of English are, in fact, flying from the Siberian aspect at home, to arrive in the Sunny South and find three inches of snow on the ground, in exchange for our six in the Squares, with everybody muffled to the eyebrows, and a general reminiscence of Labrador—always excepting the clinking Casino, where, in snow or sunstroke, the "cart-wheel" rolls its eternal way out of the pocket and beyond the possibility of return. One of the festivities much looked forward to was Mrs. Thompson's *bal costumé* on Thursday. Ladies were given *carte blanche* as to their characters (from the sartorial point of view), but the men were confined to "pink" uniform or Venetian costume. *A propos* of dancing, I heard a girl ask an incorrigible some days ago, on his way from the tables to the station, if he had been to many balls since his arrival. "Oh, yes," returned the reckless son of Mars, "and I'm just on my way to three." In the innocence of her heart, she quite envied him such an excess of gaiety. Baron and Baroness de Reuter, Sir Richard and Lady Wood, with several others of the English contingent, were present at M. and Madame Henry's big dinner at Nice to the officers of the French Squadron lying at Villefranche. Eighty-four sat down, and the

dining-room looked truly magnificent, with quantities of tall palms, mimosa-plants, and exotics making background for the brilliant uniforms and smart gowns of the ladies.

Those who recall the great Unionist campaign in Ulster, and Lord Salisbury's big meeting, will remember the soldierly figure who on that occasion waved the flag borne by the Grenadier Guards at Waterloo with such spirit-stirring effect. This was Captain Clark-Kennedy, whose death at the early age of forty-three took place, to the regret of numerous friends, a short time since. The gallant Captain, who married an Irish lady, a daughter of Lord Lifford, felt strongly on the Home Rule question, and was the author of the song "Rouse ye, Ulster." Captain Clark-Kennedy was also the author of many spirited sporting ballads, and was a constant contributor to the *Field*, being not only a keen sportsman, but a great authority on ornithology. The Captain was one of the old Scotch family of Kennedy, Earls of Cassillis, and owned the ancient Tower of Knockgray, in Carsphairn. It was on the slope of Knockgray Craig, overlooking a magnificent landscape, that he was buried in a tomb constructed by his orders. Captain Clark-Kennedy, who at Eton was a great friend of the late Prince Leopold, will be missed by a wide circle of friends not only in his native Scotland, but in the metropolis also, where he had a house in Eccleston Square.

The "old-fashioned winter" that placed 100,000 skaters on the London parks on Sunday week (bad reading this for the Puritan Party!) has played havoc with some of our theatrical folks. The Comedy Theatre was peculiarly unfortunate. It was a "New Woman" indeed who said farewell to a chilly audience at the end of a fine run! Miss Winifred Emery (whom I am glad to report better, after a serious relapse) was, of course, out of the bill; so was Miss Rose Leclercq, with a threatened congestion of the lungs; and so was the New Woman herself, Miss Alma Murray, who, after going pluckily through her part on the previous evening, was *hors de combat*, the result of a severe chill. An evening or two before, Miss Gertrude Warden had to retire, and on the last night Mr. Comyns Carr and his secretary were both confined to bed.

At an "At Home," recently given by Mrs. Hedley, at Brighton, a series of interesting children's "living pictures" were presented. Among the most successful were "Tobogganing," "The Children's Prayer," and illustrations of the old song, "The Kerry Recruit." The song was sung by Lord George Loftus, whose son and daughter, with the children of the hostess, were the actors. Photographs of the children are given elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. William Morris seems doomed to espouse causes that do not conquer the prejudices of the majority, although, like Ibsen, he may believe that the "confounded majority" is always wrong. The type which his Kelmscott Press has made notorious has never received a nastier knock than that which is administered by the gentleman who calls himself Arthur Pendenys, and who writes the amusing little note in Hatchard's curious circular, "The Books of To-day and To-morrow." Here is Mr. Pendenys' criticism, reproduced in facsimile—

DEAR WILLIAM MORRIS,

I presume that the Kelmscott Books are published for your own amusement, because I have inquired extensively and find they do not amuse any one else. They are very dull books, much more dull than Law books and Medical books, and there are only two on your list, the *Shakespeare Sonnets* and the *Keats*, which I should prefer to a Post Office Directory. You ignore the masters of printing, such as Bodoni, Foulis, Baskerville, and Whittingham. All these men printed books in readable type and of a convenient size at a moderate price.

What is a readable type?

Not the Gothic type, which is like this.

What is a convenient size for a book? Not one foot six inches by twelve, and of the weight of a good-sized dumb-bell.

What is a moderate price for a book? Not six guineas for a volume of 450 pp., as *Godefrey of Boloyne*.

If you were consistent, your Printing Press would exist for the sake of spreading knowledge. As it is, your publications appeal to capitalists and others of the wealthy lower classes, who buy their books in order to fill so many yards of shelf space. Your books are *bric-à-brac*, and they appeal only to a class which I am told you are continually condemning. I could forgive you much if the types were not so ill chosen.

This is my favourite type.

This would seem to be yours.

Yours seriously,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

Children seem to entertain as much as be entertained at this time of the year. A series of tableaux have been given at Berkhamsted, illustrating a fairy story called "Fairy Flights." The photograph here



Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

"FROM FAIRY FLIGHTS."

reproduced shows how the Fairy Queen tempted the fairies back to Fairyland. The entertainment ended with Mr. Grieve's operetta, "The Happy Family."

The disaster to the Elbe continues to be a topic of pressing interest. The Elbe was the oldest of the North German Lloyd mail-boats running to the United States. In the years 1889 and 1890 she was employed to carry mails out to Australia. Formerly she had yards on her fore and main masts, but they were removed some years ago. Her fate is one of those things that scare the travelling public for a time. A fearful amount of recklessness certainly prevails among some ships. Some captains will go on through fog without sounding their "sirens," or even keeping a proper look-out, trusting to good luck to keep them from an accident. If one should occur, they will think nothing of getting away as quickly as possible and obliterating all marks of a collision. I would not question the bravery of our naval officers, but, when they are hundreds of miles from any authority, I say that they are too often guilty of recklessness. When we are safe on land we are apt to minimise these dangers; but let any man who has experienced a fog on the Atlantic recall his sensations when he has seen some huge black shape rise out of the darkness and pass noiselessly within a few yards of his own vessel. Then, with his feeling of joy at escaping death, I think there will be something of indignation at the wicked risk to which he has been exposed.

I once was fog-bound in the Bay of Biscay. We had gone down to dinner in fine weather, and half-way through the meal heard the bells ring sharply, and the revolution of the paddle-wheels decrease. Then came the voice of the "siren" booming over the waters, like the croak of the bittern on a North Lancashire marsh. When we went on deck, it was

impossible to see a yard in front of us. All through the night we crawled along at less than half-speed. Unable to sleep, I went on deck, and had a chat and a cigar with one of the officers, who was off duty. "I hate a fog," he said, as the darkness increased. "Not that I am afraid of anything that may happen through our own action; there would be no danger if all ships would obey the rules, slacken speed, and sound their whistles. The fact is that they won't do so. There are some huge vessels that go on at full-speed, and will cut through anything they meet. They don't stop to find out what damage is done, but just go on, and leave people to shift for themselves. If landsmen knew half the accidents that occur through this recklessness, they would be a bit surprised. Luckily for many a ship, dead men can tell no tales."

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day. One has to be reminded of the fact, for it has little more reality than a mere mention in the calendar. Like a good many other saints, Saint Valentine has been relegated to the shelf, and yet the recurrence of his day always makes me, for one, sentimental, and such a mood was responsible for these "lines"—I use the word "lines," because round it lingers a far-away echo of the early days of the century when the valentine was in vogue—

O, Valentine! St. Valentine!
A happy fortune once was thine,
Though now you're out of date.
To-day a name and little more,
You gladdened folk in days of yore,
And made young love elate.

O, Valentine! St. Valentine!
How often were the Muses Nine
Invoked to hymn thy praise.
But now it is the Christmas card
On which the sentimental bard
Prefers to pen his lays.

There was a merry, far-off time,
When every lover praised in rhyme
The maiden of his heart,
By sending her a valentine
Inscribed, perchance, with such a line
As "Mine alone thou art!"

Ah! what a world of pains they cost,
Those dainty valentines, embossed,
And rich in filigree;
With here a Cupid's dart displayed
(Which doubtless cheered the merry maid),
And there the Graces thrice!

And what a fragrant charm was lent
When each was laden with the scent
Of lavender and musk!

The odour of sweet mignonette
Perchance may linger round them yet,
Though faded, frayed, and dusk.

Who knows? the time may come again—
For fashion's changes pass our ken
And will not be controlled—
When you, St. Valentine, shall rise
To gladden hearts and brighten eyes
With all the charm of old.

An actress with whose name I am unfamiliar, Miss Mina Leigh, has obtained rights over the English version of Sardou's grim play, "La Tosca," and intends to present the same to provincial audiences. Miss Leigh is daring; indeed, to pit herself against "the divine Sarah" and Mrs. Bernard Beere in the terribly exacting part of Floria Tosca. Such ambition, however, is not to be discouraged.



THE LADIES' SALOON OF THE "ELBE."

Mr. Phil May has accepted a seat at the *Punch* table, and I announce the fact with mingled sorrow and satisfaction. Sorrow, because *The Sketch* will not so frequently coruscate with the buoyant wit and genius of this talented artist; satisfaction, because *The Sketch* first gave Phil May a large canvas for his wonderful work, which had hitherto been cramped by over-reduction to smaller pages. To draw for *Punch* is a very different and far less notable thing to joining *Punch* table. The former privilege has come to many artists, the latter honour is reserved for few. Mr. Harry Furniss, for instance, drew for a long time prior to being invited to the famous weekly dinners. The acceptance of Mr. E. T. Reed's sketches was very quickly followed by his *entrée* to Mr. *Punch's* "movable feasts," which, contrary to popular opinion, do not always take place in Fleet Street. Mr. R. Lehmann also had not long to wait for the same compliment. It would not be policy to have too many minds at the *Punch* table, for in some ways the ideal in journalism, as in committees, is a total membership of three with power for two to stop away. Very few outsiders have penetrated into the charmed circle. There is a legend that Sir Joseph Paxton once calmly dined with the *Punch* staff by accident, but concerning this we shall, doubtless, have the truth when Mr. M. H. Spielmann's eagerly expected "History" appears. Meanwhile, I am heartily glad that Phil May's unique powers have received this seal of approbation, and that he can now attach "M.P." after his name without the trouble or expense of an election!

The racing dromedary is a proposed sensation for next season at the Crystal Palace, where, thanks to the enterprise of Herr Hagenbach, the ship of the desert is to be temporarily on trial, and those who have yearned for Eastern-experiences may then get camel-sick at pleasure—and for a consideration. Eighty wild men of East Africa—Somali hunters, to wit—are to be added to the show, together with their huts, instruments of war, native horses, &c. It is doubtful if that last comprehensive word includes ladies of the tribe, however. Those who know the race argue probably not. The Somali is notoriously fire-brand-in-chief of all other African contingents, and his possible domestic differences in the limited area of a Sydenham camp would infallibly disturb the suburban sanctity of its villa life too seriously to contemplate without a shudder. If the committee is wise, therefore, it will veto the advent of the Somali squaw, "or import them in separate cages," as a traveller with much experience of the national character jocosely suggested to a director some days ago.

The catholic spirit of modern Paris should assuredly not be spelt with a capital C, seeing the things that are done in the free and enlightened name of emancipation. I happened to be in gay Lutetia some weeks ago, just when this severe weather began, and a particularly sad suicide case from want set the people and papers talking. "What about the Assistance Publique?" shocked philanthropists asked of each other. "Did not the poor man and his family apply?" The side-wind of a dinner-party at a Minister's house brought me news that he had done so; but, in the large and liberal spirit which modern scepticism holds its own, it was discovered that officialism reserved its favour and relief for those who declined to have their children baptised. And this humane and discriminating society yet has the administration of over one million and a half pounds sterling every year! In seems, in view of such unwritten but none-the-less active iniquity, that State poor relief in France needs taking to task very seriously indeed. We have a Bumble or two left in our own places, no doubt; but how would the upholder of such opinions be looked upon in England? Not as a fit administrator of public funds, certainly.

Notwithstanding all our superior smiles and shrugs at the wheel-ridden, wheel-riding French woman, the bicycle has at last come home to the fashionable fair on this side of the Channel, and before many months we shall be scudding along, doubtless, to this latest tune of Fashion's piping—not three skirts in the wind either, let us hope, but in one only and divisible knickerbocker. The New Woman should rejoice at this intervention of the mode, for to a bicycle one must absolutely superadd a Bloomer, and the desire of her existence—or one of them—will thus receive an uncertain impetus, but a certain inevitable recognition. Ladies' tailors, rejoice ye also! for fresh fields and pastures new are being opened to your omnivorous shears. This new bicycling club, for ladies and men, under the joint sovereignty of Mr. Hwfa Williams and Mr. W. Call, must surely burst into fame, even as the ice rink of our present ardours has done. Many now, by the way, are so eager for a reputation on steel that they get over the first bathos of skating by arriving at abnormally early hours and breakfasting at Niagara, to the entire dislocation of all family life in the Metropolis. "As a matter of fact," said one plaintive parent to me some days ago, "we never ask where any missing member of the family is now. We accept Niagara as the key to all domestic conundrums of the sort." Oh, Niagara! what absences are perpetrated in thy name!

The latest Parisian rage is La Pequena Patti, a little-girl vocalist, whose abilities are of the phenomenal order. Reports of her marvellous voice reached me when she was singing in the Winter Gardens of Berlin, and M. Marchand lost no time in introducing her to Paris, where she made her first bow at La Scala Music Hall. In point of fact, the bow was a poor one, for the child has few stage gifts, and can neither come on nor retire effectively. One or two offers have come to her from England, but, as her agent asks a modest hundred and twenty pounds a week for her appearance, it is unlikely that business will ensue.



PHIL MAY.—A SKETCH BY FRANK W. RICHARDS.

"Mr. Phil May has accepted a seat at the *Punch* Table."—*vide* "Small Talk."

THE SKETCH HEARTILY CONGRATULATES MR. PHIL MAY—AND MR. "PUNCH."

Mr. Robert George Legge, whose capital "Songs of a Strolling Player" Messrs. Innes published, will issue, through the same firm, a second volume of Stage Verses, of a somewhat more ambitious order. They will deal with many sides of a strolling actor's life, both serious and otherwise, and may be expected shortly. Mr. Legge is at present figuring as Cayley Drummie in the provinces. Like many of our younger actors, Mr. Legge is an Oxford man. While on the subject of actors and books, I may mention a little biography of "Mr. William Mollison, Comedian," described as "a story of struggle and triumph." Mr. Mollison, who is the greatest Baillie Nicol Jarvie living, is known in every corner of the provinces, and will be remembered as Dan'l Druce at a *malinée* which he gave at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last summer. He is ambitious and deserves to succeed.

Talk of St. Moritz—but we of Bournemouth (writes a correspondent) have had all its particular elements of admiration for the past ten days, without the necessity of either an inexpressible journey or running the gauntlet of inconsequent avalanches on the way. Snow lying thickly

weeds, and looked exceedingly well. Lord Houghton, also present, seemed equably prepared for the forthcoming vicissitudes of a Dublin season. Lady Mary Sackville, one of the most admired beauties present, came with the Countess of Cottenham. Mr. Victor Cavendish brought his pretty wife. "Mr. Solicitor" was there too, his cheerful presence in a dozen places at once; and so *ad lib.* Flowers, flags, and towering palms made a picturesque display; and the band of the Royal Marines, of which we of Chatham are so proud, excelled itself in its selections.

The threatened transference of Folkestone-Boulogne boats to the Dover-Calais route has naturally agitated the bosoms of indwellers at both sides of the water very seriously. Most particularly in Folkestone is this contemplated departure bewailed—not only by the pecuniarily interested, but also among those to whom the French packet brings daily thrills of curiosity, excitement, and ravishing glimpses of the latest French fashions in travelling-garments. Who that has lived in the genteel seclusion of a seriously minded sea-side town—I do not allude to Boulogne—but recalls the merciful invasion of steam-paddles at stated



MR. PHIL MAY TAKING AN IMPRESSION.—DRAWN BY FRED HALL.

everywhere, bringing the pine-trees into most picturesque relief; a sky cheerfully disposed of true blue, and sunshine and air as buoyant as '84—well, any brand you like. The golf-links are "put" away out of sight, it is true, and skating is not. But, for the non-sporting contingent, our bright weather contains sufficient joy. Lots of smart arrivals continue every day, but the hotels do not publish lists of their visitors, for the obvious reason that Tom and Harry like to follow "me Lud," and "me Lud" does not entirely reciprocate the sentiment. So, by an unwritten law, it is understood, or so I am told, that a temporary eclipse of the great is best policy all round. One very smart and recently erected hotel does not even keep a visitors'-book, so that the old lady with a thirst for information is reduced to the necessity of watching the posts.

Countess Spencer's receptions are always noticeable for being, in the highest application of the phrase, "well done," no less than for the kind and genial manners of the hostess, whose efforts are as earnest for her guests' enjoyment as if these stately functions at the Admiralty were a small gathering of intimate friends informally summoned. A very full gathering of Ambassadors was in evidence on Monday night, and distinguished others, variously, besides Members of both Houses and their wives, whom the humours of Parliament have summoned to town in this agreeable weather. Lady Frederick Cavendish has laid aside her deepest

times which touched them like throbs from the gay outer world, of which a passing glance was better than nothing at all? So it is to be hoped that Folkestone five o'clocks will not be deprived of this salt of life with which to flavour their muffins, for the withdrawal of the packet would leave its Andromedas to the clutches of a very dragon of dulness indeed.

The other day, I met the originator of the successful agitation against the barbarous practice of dog-cropping—George Dewar, to wit, a journalist who has used his pen on more than one occasion in behalf of dumb animals. He recently attacked the cruel practices of "the Fancy" in a series of articles which he contributed to an evening contemporary. It is satisfactory to think that Mr. Dewar's bold crusade has been the means of impoverishing quite a number of scoundrels who have made fat incomes by their dexterity in mutilating dogs. Mr. Dewar is, of course, a lover of the canine race, and loves to set up as an authority on collies in particular. He has successfully exhibited lately a black, white, and tan sheep-dog, which rejoices in the name of Pembroke II., a name which keeps green his master's recollection of the days he spent at Pembroke College, Oxford. Mr. Dewar is busy writing two or three books on sport at the present time, including the reminiscences of a well-known steeplechaser and balloonist.

À propos of Dr. Clifford Allbutt's vigorous onslaught on the pretty generally accepted modern theory of nerves, an attack renewed in the February issue of the *Contemporary Review*, it is interesting to note that George Eliot, in one of her letters published in the *Life* of Mr. J. W. Cross, referred to him most flatteringly as a charming doctor from Leeds. With that great Yorkshire town, indeed, Dr. Thomas Clifford Allbutt had been intimately associated for a long time prior to his appointment as Commissioner in Lunacy in May, 1889, and it used to be an item of standing gossip in Leeds that his income from his private practice alone reached something like the good round sum of £10,000 a year. The present Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge owns that University as his *alma mater*, and held the post of Examiner in Medicine there some time back. Dr. Allbutt is, among other things, an authority on mental pathology, and was made Deputy-Lieutenant of the West Riding on account of his services in connection with local lunatic asylums.

Men about to become famous should be very careful in what they write. The auto-graph-hunter rushes through existence seeking what he may collect, regardless of all such trifles as good-taste and decency. Many people write recklessly, but, if they knew what might happen to their manuscript, it would "give them pause." I was more disgusted than amused to note, a few days back, the sale of a letter written by a politician to a quasi-celebrity, which contained a very vulgar reflection upon an eminent public man. Now, there can be no doubt but that the letter was hastily written, and never intended for publication. Nevertheless, it was treasured by the recipient as a document of autographic value, and has been recently purchased. Hence, the *lapsus style* of the politician will be bandied about from collection to collection, and from sale-room to sale-room. It is bound to raise ill-feeling and cause a certain amount of bitterness. Surely it is arrant snobbery to retain a letter dealing with personalities only because it has been written by an eminent man. When will a second Thackeray arise to laugh away the snobbery of our generation? At present, it thrives unchecked, and grows in vigour daily.

There lies before me, prefaced by an all-too-short memoir from the pen of that charming writer best known to Irish readers as Rosa Mulholland, a volume which may be recommended to those who delight in curious and out-of-the-way information on matters Hibernian. This is a collection of essays by the late Mrs. Atkinson, a gracious and noble woman whose name is held in benediction by the poor of Dublin. The essays deal chiefly with historical and biographical subjects. To name but two, "Irish Wool and Woollens" and "Around and About the Rotunda" are full of valuable matter, worthy of the authoress of "The Life of Mary Aikenhead" (foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity), a biography full of brilliant and lifelike sketches, incidentally containing a valuable exposition of the Penal Laws that won the admiration of Mr. W. H. Lecky. Mrs. Atkinson's busy life of benevolence to some extent interfered with the absorption a literary career demands; but she

possessed the finest literary instinct, and all that she has written bears the stamp of distinction. At her hospitable house the most notable figures in the small but interesting *coterie* that claims to represent literary Dublin were at one time or other to be met.

I have been hesitating for some weeks about calling public attention to the ways of certain people calling themselves private detectives, and, now that the police-courts have made some of their methods plain, I will add a few facts. There are certain places of entertainment which are at this present moment overrun by the servants of these detectives. Many of them are women of no character, who lead men into conversation and,

find out their identity. Then comes blackmail. It may be easily imagined that the pages of a popular paper are no place for the revelations that might be made, but it is enough to say a few words, and leave intelligent people to think out the rest for themselves. It goes without saying that no man would enter a house of entertainment if he knew that the management permitted "private detectives" to use it as their hunting-ground, and many victims of a cowardly system of blackmail will, no doubt, be glad that the public has been warned. Any place where this espionage is knowingly permitted should be shunned by amusement-seekers. If this slight hint does not put certain managements on the *qui vive*, I shall return to the subject until I am forced to give full particulars and there is a lot of trouble.

Should the northern approach to the Tower Bridge, which has been discussed by the County Council, become a fact, I believe that a portion of the Mint will fall a victim to the new roadway. The historic associations of this building are not, however, very far-reaching. The Mint was, in old times, situate in the Tower; but in the early part of the present century, more room being required, a new building was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, and completed in 1811, at a cost of a quarter of a million, which sum included its then newly invented machinery. There are

one or two comfortable dwelling-houses in the Mint, and, perchance, these may be sacrificed to the new approach.

Talking of the Mint reminds me that, in 1841, when we had given China a beating and wrested Hong-Kong from her grasp, the first portion of the indemnity paid by China to Great Britain arrived on board H.M.S. Conway, and was conveyed to the Bank in ten waggons, escorted by a detachment of the 32nd Regiment. This sum amounted to two millions of dollars, and these, I believe, eventually found their way to the Mint, to return to the outer world in the shape of familiar English silver coins. The same sort of transformation has occurred in old times in the matter of Spanish treasure. I wonder how many waggon-loads of dollars the triumphant Jap will require before the "War in the East" is paid for?

Miss Kitty Loftus, now playing in "Santa Claus," at the Lyceum, will appear as a servant-girl at the Prince of Wales's Theatre when Mr. Arthur Roberts produces "High Jinks."

Miss Clara Earle. Miss Coralie Blithe.



Miss Isabel Farrell.

Miss Florence Temple.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

BUTTERFLIES IN THE DREAMLAND BALLET IN "SANTA CLAUS," AT THE LYCEUM.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS VIRGINIA IN "VIRGINIUS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, LIVERPOOL.

“THE ORIENT,” AT OLYMPIA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



AFRICAN HIGH PRIEST.



WINGED AFRICAN WARRIOR.



GOLD DANCERS.



GOLD DANCERS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE TEARS OF SENTIMENT.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

A sound of hurrying feet struck on Miranda's ear. She turned in time to confront two eager eyes that were bent upon her brightly. He was a little breathless with his haste, and his smooth cheeks were flushed with excitement. Panting he began, pointing his finger across the waving corn—

"I have watched him go," said he. "I have long waited for his exit. Time has crept upon such tardy legs. I know him well," he remarked with a pitying smile; "as dull a dog as ever kept tame kennel. You are well rid of the fellow with his meek philosophy and his unblinking eyes. Faith, I would not have him trouble the ears of a maid for all the wealth of Prester John. A clucking barn-door cock, with emotions fit to scratch all day upon a dung-heap, and not skill enough to discern the twinkling of a diamond from the sad yellows of a wheat-ear, wherewith to fill his stomach!"

Miranda stared at him, and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Good," says he complacently; "I see you take him at his proper value. Pearls have another destiny than to go for buttons on his sober sides. Such as he should keep company with cold-visaged age. What said the loon? Had he not arguments?"

"Oh, he had arguments to spare," she laughed. "Life was a deadly fustian-coated thing to him. He pleaded for repose."

"Repose!" he echoed. "I pray I may die when I come to think on repose with any feeling but distaste. Repose! Oh, yes; let them repose that love it, but they shall not solicit into their stagnation aught that is comely and vivacious. I know well enough what life may be," he said, wagging his head. "I have sounded all its mysteries. Take me for a pilot. I have tasted the sweet and the bitter"—and he sighed.

Miranda looked at him with pity. He was so young to have this sorrow in his heart. She sighed with him.

"But there are compensations," he went on presently. "One dies and the light goes out, but there remains still the beautiful world."

Miranda gazed round the valley.

"Will that suffice?" she asked softly.

"Ah, no!" he cried; "a thousand noes. There is nothing will suffice save death. But life is laid upon us. What may we do? We take our pains and our pleasures; there is no rest. To rest were death in life. I could not sink into the moral worm that withdraws its blind head and wriggles into cover on the passage of a pain. Nay, I take life with my eyes open, though my back be bowed and my body bent, and though the ice encrust my soul. The grace of the day passes, but we are surely the happier even for that ephemeral sweetness."

"Yes; surely we are happier," assented Miranda, wondering at his fine words.

"And even when we think it not, there comes," said he, "some mitigation to Sorrow. There is the joy of resignation; there is the delight of sacrifice; and there is the sweetness of remembered pain. And beyond all lies the gladness of despair."

Miranda looked puzzled. She gazed at him inquiringly.

"You will think me absurd," said he; "but I talk out of my knowledge. I speak in sober words, as one upon whose hopes the grave has closed. Sorrow is a fire that refines; pain is a scourge that purifies. You are young, child, and go yet unscathed; but some day maybe—and that in but a little while—you may watch the sky grow black upon you, and feel

the foundations of the earth totter, and your whole being will reel and burn and moan aloud to God within you. In such an hour you will remember and believe; and when you are crept into some insecure and windy refuge, trembling till the storm may pass, you will know that the blight of mortality is upon you. And you will finger your scars, and put your hands upon your wounds, realising that out of pain have you purchased knowledge, peace out of suffering, and out of despair hope."

The tears stood in Miranda's eyes. She laid a timid hand upon his arm. "Ah, how you have suffered!" she murmured.

He raised his sad gaze to hers and sighed. "I have wept out these eyes for want of such a one as you to succour me. Had but your tenderness and loving kindness been with me, the storm had surely passed in vain."

"Is it long gone?" she asked gently.

"Some three months since," he answered; "and still is my heart sore within me. I dare not fancy how it will all end. The sun rises, and I see it not; the air grows warm, I feel it not; the stars blink down upon me, and I regard them not. Day passes after day, and night succeeds to night; yet is my long pain still with me, and I heed not the rolling years."

"'Tis but three months," she suggested.

"Three months are many years," he sighed.

Miranda looked at his misty blue eyes, and a thrill of pity pierced her soul.

"But you will be strong," she said; "you will pluck out the thorns from your heart, and it shall yet blossom again as the rose. You will not bow your head to trouble. I know so little, but surely again in the springtime you will find a fair flush upon your world."

The young man put out his hand and took hers. He pressed it gently.

"'Tis true," he said, "for others. They, indeed, may die with the waning moon, and be born again when she shows her new horns. With each fresh week they may start anew into life. Nay, even the hours are the measure of their fortunes. But for me the spring is over and gone. Out of the dead heart of the summer shall I snatch aught but withered leaves? And shall I permit my own dead heart to take the dews and sunlight of an unavailing spring? Child, child, you know not, you cannot judge," and he patted softly on the hand he held between his fingers.

Miranda bent her head, and wept gently. He put his arm upon her shoulder, and looked into her eyes.

"Yes, there are other springs," said he, "but they are for you, and not for me. And still—and still your sweet voice comforts me, your dear tears console me. There is so much between us I would fain retain."

Miranda stayed, reluctant, under his touch, and then, gently moving, would have withdrawn herself beyond him. But his hand held her fast; he tightened his clasp; a gulp of tears rose into his throat.

"Nay," he murmured; "do not leave me so. Bear with me till this sorrow passes. 'Twill be gone in a little. See, the sky is clearing, and only on the horizon do the clouds lie black. Come, let me have your hand, and we will talk of what we know is true and beautiful—of life and love and the loveliness of life; for in you, dear child, all these are surely implicit."

The red hung in Miranda's cheeks, and then went out slowly.

"I love life," she answered in low tones, "and I love the loveliness of life, but I know not why I love them."

"Because," said he, smiling, "you yourself are informed with Love. Think you, God made a maid so lovely and not for love? No; your arms were designed for a lover's necklace; your bosom was conceived for a lover's pillow; your lips for the sweet



"Yes, there are other springs," said he, "but they are for you, and not for me."

resting-place of tired eyes, and you yourself for the delcctation of many hapless wooers."

Miranda blushed, and stirred uncomfortably. Something in his rapturous fancy irked her, and yet it was surely right that one so buried in his distant sorrow should adjudge her thus. She conceived his kindly eyes upon her in a melancholy gaze, as of a brother who would fain reassure her out of his own troubled past. And then, she was sure, they passed away from her and across the valley where the golden mists were scattering, and lit upon the hill-tops somewhere far off, amid the kindly haze, and dwelt alone there with his sacred grief, as in a silent and inaccessible temple. She looked up in some awe, and found them fastened upon her with an ardent wistfulness. Her hand had fallen from his; he reached out, and seized it again.

"We have so much in common," he murmured. "My dear, the sweetness of those tremulous eyes!"

Miranda sharply pulled her fingers from him.

"Ah, sweet, be not so cruel!" he pleaded; "you were not fashioned for disdain. Let me look.

Yes, in those lamps of light I can behold my own face, drowned as in a pool. It shines therefrom, as starlight from a blue sky. Would God —" He ended with a sigh.

"I will bid you good-day, Sir," says she; "the morning grows late."

"No, no!" he cried, catching at her hand.

Miranda stopped in wonder.

"And do you love me, then?" he asked in a cooing voice.

Miranda opened her mouth and stared.

"No," said she, shortly, after a pause.

He sighed musically, and his sigh ran like cold water down Miranda's back. He sighed again. Miranda turned, and in an instant, ere he was aware, flashed out upon him.

"And do you love me, then?" she mimicked, scorn in her cooing.

"Dear!" said he, and bent to kiss her hand. Miranda laughed.

"You love me, then?" she cried.

He made a motion of his hand, as though to banish an irrelevant thought.

"Why ply so bluntly?" he remarked, with some sad displeasure; "and why blow so coarsely? Love 'twixt man and maid—forgive me—should be as gentle as the breath of the zephyr, as light as the touch of warm sun upon the rose. There is no need of terms. Heart looks to heart and holds communion silently. Nay, but the fault was mine. I ask your pardon. I put too gross a question to you. Let us rather linger in this delicious uncertainty all day. The morning is young; we have the fields before us. Let us wander there, and you shall pluck the flowers and idly weave a garland for your head, while I look on and smile, a bird singing in my heart, unquestioned, standing alone within a maze of ways, yet undismayed; knowing this only, that the full glory of Love is not to know, and the full flower of life is expectation."

"You talk great nonsense, sir," says she.

"Ah, no!" he broke in. "Believe me —" But before the flash in her eyes he paused.

"Ere you put tongue to further follies," says she, "listen. Out of my ignorance shall I instruct your wisdom. You have too soft a heart for this rude world. I pity you. Your soul is like a flying bird, ever at the rough mercy of the fowler. Boom! goes the musket, and down it falls, winged and whimpering at her feet. Why, she has never so much as to put her finger on the lock, but you will fall fluttering at the mere glint of it. You have whole seas of sentiment within your eyes. Lord! how you would weep! You would drown out this valley in a week, and flood my garden for a fallen sparrow. Tears! Tears are your finery. You bedeck yourself with them, and strut among your acquaintances the proudest wight of all. You cull posies of sentiment by every wayside.

Not a day but you will have a fresh desire, own a fresh sorrow, and crown a fresh conquest. Victor and victim! I salute your immortal youth. Other men have died for love, but to you alone has it been vouchsafed to live for it. So as you may cry and mourn and sigh and go forlorn, touch delicate hands, and interchange the soft felicities of affection, you will walk in a whirl of gaiety to your grave. Sir, you would bury a thousand loves with delirious delight. Oh, you are too fastidious; you exact too much. It were surely wiser to fill your hours more economically with griefs. They will not outlast you. Sorrow abides but for a night. Have you never laughed? Did joy never wear any face for you save that of bereavement? Did ever your pulse flow faster save at the prospect of sepulture? I beseech you to adventure more. Believe me, there are fields of sweet emotions as yet untrodden of your feet. Come, for an experiment, stay a whole week, with your heart's delight. I can foresee for you new and strange sensations. You shall decay beautifully. This rare and lovely sentiment of yours will turn all manner of raw colours. It will shine rank, and smell stale; it will take on all the hues

of swift corruption. But think on them. And should they fall and you exhaust the universe, why, there is always the river, and the rain of tears upon self-contemplated suicide. You shall stand over the brink, and pause, and murmur to the trees, and roll your eyes to heaven, and look down with compassion upon your elegant limbs, so soon to toss among the graceless weeds. And I, if you will, shall bear you witness, and copy your fair sentences into some white book, and send them down the ages, engraven above a golden heart. Oh, I will frame you an admirable, a most pitiful epitaph. Nay, but I mistake, for surely it were meeter writ from your own dictation."

She paused for want of breath, and the young man raised his hand in a manner of deprecation.

"It is enough," he said, and sighed, "I have mistaken. Forgive me the lack of judgment. Had I regarded sufficiently the tip of your nose, indeed I had not blundered." Miranda's fingers went to her face. "I had thought you endowed with the qualities of sympathy. But"—he shrugged his shoulders—"one blunders still. Indeed, one blunders after many blunders. You are too pert and young. You put life to the coarse edge of fact. Believe me, you were better living in ideals.

One buys facts by the gross, and at so many pence. The ideal we snatch from the empyrean. You shall go your way, and I mine." Miranda curtsied. "I bear you no malice for your wanton tongue. Child, you will learn wisdom, and come to regard affection."

With that, he made her a great bow, and, turning slowly, made off with a heavy appearance of sorrow. At the corner of the hedge he stopped, glanced over his shoulder, raised his hat, and sighed loudly.

Miranda stood watching his receding figure with something between a smile and a frown upon her dainty face.



She paused for want of breath, and the young man raised his hand in a manner of deprecation.

MONEY AND MICROBES.

A scientist of the first water across Channel is warning all whom he fancies it may concern, for example, that the systematic disinfection of money, whether paper currency or coin, is a necessary condition of hygienic well-being. The microbe seems, indeed, to have a permanent residence in this learned gentleman's brain, judging from the awful warnings he periodically issues to unbending humanity on the atomy's account. Bank-notes, pianos, even the fraternal hand-shake, not to mention the kiss Platonic, have variously done duty as targets to his professional arrow. But when Æsculapian thunders are launched at sovereigns, and even the nimble sixpence itself, then it seems time for a microbe-ridden generation to cast forth the raven.



MISS LULU LLOYD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent appearance of another "musical comedy" has set many tongues and pens wagging concerning the species of work to which it belongs. A new class of entertainment, the "musical comedy" is in danger of being done to death by too persistent production and unintelligent imitation of successful pieces. Hence it behoves all who are interested in the stage to come to the rescue, before a bright and attractive species of amusement falls into ruts of repetition, and is, like light French opera, rendered impossible for years by over-production.

The "musical comedy" may be divided into two distinct branches—the fantastic and the realistic. The former makes liberal use of chorus and all the devices of opera-bouffe or burlesque; the latter approaches to comedy, sometimes expressing soliloquies in songs and conversations as concerted numbers. It is obvious that the first class approaches to burlesque, while the second is practically vaudeville. The fantastic type admits of splendour and spectacle and a full display of beauty; whereas, in the realistic "musical comedy," the chorus is kept down to a minimum, and there should be a strong plot. In fact, the fantastic species should be able to attract without any dialogue to speak of, and the comedy proper (or improper) should be playable without any music as a farce or light play.

But what will *not* do is to mix one's vintages: light romantic opera is good, though out of fashion at the moment; opera-bouffe and burlesque are also good; even the "variety show" species has its capabilities. Farce and comedy are ever in season. The vaudeville, a farce with musical numbers, is an entertainment that has a long and lively record in France, and is probably destined to find favour in England. But a piece must be one thing or another. To start with vaudeville, go on to farcical comedy, stray off into extravaganza, return to farce, and suddenly plunge into romantic opera—with artistes according: burlesquers, who can sing and dance, but not act; comedy actors and actresses, who cannot sing or dance, but can act; operatic singers, whose acting is not their chief recommendation; and "show girls," who can neither act nor dance nor sing, but merely look pretty—all this mingling breeds confusion. The pittite and gallerian, whether bright or bleary of eye, like to know what they are supposed to be looking at. And, while the customary "variety" burlesque can hardly be too crowded with "stars," the comedy that aspires to be a comedy must be simple and have few characters, but these well represented and of a kind.

Furthermore, in a piece that makes hardly a pretension to a plot, all the space can be devoted to showing off the individual excellencies of the performers; and, if the latter are good, the result, though incoherent, will probably be entertaining. But when you have to be constantly remembering your plot, constantly employing your burlesque or operatic artistes to expound development of character; or, on the other hand, constantly shoving your bright but voiceless comedian off to make room for the music, the pittite "dunno where 'e are." Also the confection of a piece, part comedy, part vaudeville, part extravaganza, and part opera, is apt to result in immeasurable length. One must give enough of each kind to appreciate, and the total comes out sadly too long.

The musical comedy is a class of entertainment with so many capabilities that it will be a pity to see it killed by over-production in numbers or over-ambition as to attainment. Let us have little pastoral or farcical comedies, good enough to be played without music, and with the music adding a grace—the fantastic touch that persuades us to accept the romantic or the extravagant. Let us have extravaganzas, more free and modern than opera-bouffe, and less chaotic than burlesque has of late become. Let us keep elaborate scenes, beautiful choristers, and spectacular gorgeousness for the extravaganza; let the comedy have little or no chorus, no splendour, and no dragged-in dances, but a few characters played by persons—if enough of them there be—who can both act and sing.

Above all, let it be recognised that in a musical comedy both lyrics and dialogue must persistently lead somewhither. Singers must not be introducing faintly relevant "turns," nor must actors desert the progress of the story to let off (of course, this is the fault of the author) irrelevant epigrams or improprieties. The best and most amusing dialogue of a play is that which loses most of its worth when quoted alone.

All which precepts are "counsels of perfection."

MARMITON.

THE EMPIRE.

The Empire has revived "Round the Town," its most successful ballet, and Helene Cornalba has returned to dance in the revival. Her dancing on the first night of her reappearance exhibited all that scrupulous technique for which La Scala and the Milanese Schools are responsible. I cannot help thinking that a too rigid orthodoxy is a mistake, so far as the English stage is concerned. An audience trained in the traditions of ballet, and able to discriminate between different qualities of dancing, may be found in Milan, Vienna, or even St. Petersburg, but certainly not in London. Here a *première* should cultivate unstudied expression, and should use all means, no matter how artificial, to be spontaneous in her movements. No human being can execute the steps of a great ballet-dance naturally, for the steps themselves are not natural. The most successful dancers in my recollection have been those who have mastered the art of being artless. Probably Helene Cornalba will give herself a better chance when she is once more accustomed to English audiences; and, as she retains much of the old charm and technical accomplishments, may dance herself once more into popular favour. Despite the protestations of the newest school of journalism, the art of the *première* is emphatically "all right." Only dissociation from its proper surroundings can make it appear incongruous, and I note with pleasure indications of a return to the mythological and classical ballets, which will give the *première danseuse* a fair chance.

And once again Mr. Will Bishop is seen in the amusing part he originally took in the ballet. He has become almost an indispensable feature of an Empire ballet. He comes of an old theatrical family; indeed, to use his own words, "he was almost born on the stage of the Old Pavilion." He is now twenty-four years of age, and was educated at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, though from his earliest childhood he has always been entirely devoted to dancing, and has studied it ever since he can remember. He made his *début* when fifteen at the Bijou Theatre, where he was seen by Mr. Tom Ward, then the champion dancer of the world, and with him he travelled all over the country, giving exhibitions of the various styles of clog-dancing. Though these experiences were hard, Mr. Bishop says he has never regretted them, as the country music-halls, as they were then, are now almost things of the past, and it is most amusing to hear him tell of his many *contretemps*, especially when, in 1886, he accepted an engagement to dance in Newcastle in competition against all comers. In 1887 he took his first pantomime engagement, and since then has played in four provincial pantomimes, and though he was most successful, and became a Christmas favourite, his present engagement has occupied him for the last two years. "Song and dance" is his particular line, yet he never earned greater popularity than he has with his solos in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "La Frolique," and "On Brighton Pier." In the last-named ballet he does a gentle gliding, masher-like dance, which he never expected would become as popular as it has, but he is always entirely fresh and original. As a teacher he has been equally successful, for he loves teaching "anything but Italian ballet-dancing."

American athletes believe in chewing gum to keep the mouth moist. Children, too, are pacified with it when crying for candy, and luckily so, for it does not leave the injurious effects that sweets do. It is now the fad for adults to chew gum for dyspepsia, since Dr. Beeman, the millionaire gum-manufacturer, of Cleveland, U.S.A., put pepsin gum upon the market. Probably it would not be an exaggerated estimate to say that 3,000,000 lb. of crude gum is used annually in the manufacture of the marketable material, and that 9,000,000 lb. of sugar is assimilated in the process. Most of the crude gum is imported from Mexico. Each tablet contains one grain of pure pepsin, sufficient to digest one thousand grains of food.

Everything tends nowadays to make school-work easy as well as interesting. Mr. A. L. Mackeechne has just published (W. Reeves) for fourpence a musical setting of "Dates of the Sovereigns of England," which is both tuneful and clever. How grateful ought those boys and girls to be who have hitherto toiled painfully to acquire these facts!



Photos by Mieczkowski, Warsaw.

HELENE CORNALBA.

MR. WILL BISHOP, OF THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."



AS A COSTER.



IN "ON BRIGHTON PIER."



IN "LA FROLIQUE."

BALLADS IN PROSE.*

Daisies and shamrocks, rampant on a background of brilliant green, somewhat augur that the cult of the Celt should cover the pages lying between such suggestive "cloth boards." So agreeably is the promise redeemed in Miss Nora Hopper's charming prose and poetry, moreover, that one could more willingly welcome gaily frocked volumes like these did they usually contain gems of sentiment and expression as the present does. In alternate verse and legend, the authoress serves a dainty feast of truly Hibernian herbage, that leaves a sweet though unaccustomed taste in the mouth. Of the lyrics, though all are slight in subject and construction, none will be read without sympathetic interest in the themes they touch so lightly, though in a minor key.

"The Wind among the Reeds" and "Lament of the Lay Brother" are, perhaps, those that will strike most readers as the strongest. "Silk of the Kinc," one of many metaphorical names of Ireland, and "The Fairy Fiddler, are others that will charm the ear as well.

'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling,
By weedy ways forlorn;
I make the blackbird's music
Ere in his breast 'tis born.
The sleeping larks I waken
'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

But the fairy fiddler is out of sympathy with the century, and rarely makes the wayside echoes nowadays.

Several stories of singular interest and attractiveness are told with such facile force and rich imagery as come at call to Irish effort. "The Soul of Maurice Dwyer" quaintly describes the sad case of a lad who sold his soul to the devil that his mother might go free of her deserts. This "tall man in grey" forbade him to speak again, however, and for years Maurice went dumb among his fellows, becoming a shunned and hated character, even to his little love Mairgreed. One day the stranger came again, and, seeing Maurice in this sad plight, cried out that he was no diabolical emissary, but an unhappy fellow-mortal, who had played a practical joke on the simple lad with little thought of such consequences. "Boholaun and I" renders an old tale into most graceful speech,



Photo by A. King, Holland Park, W.

MISS NORA HOPPER.

describing the transformation of a ragweed stalk into an elfin steed by night, which carries him who mounts away over hill and dale to the embraces of a waiting witch of many fascinations. For a downright dish of antique horrors one cannot go farther and fare better than "Aonan-na-Righ," which brings this collection of tales to an end, and is followed by a glossary that readers will much appreciate who travel by this fairy field of Irish idyls and imagery.

"Ballads in Prose." By Nora Hopper. London: John Lane.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARIAN.

The Library of the House of Commons is, in itself, a sufficient attraction to certain men to become members, for it contains enough literature to make a student of a politician, or a politician of a student. It is a pleasant apartment fronting the river, and from the continual chatter of the Lobby or the weary monotony of debate many a member crosses gladly its portals. The Irish representatives, many of whom are connected with journalism, find the Library a useful place in which to pen "London Letters," while their English *confrères* are no less indebted to this peaceful arsenal of facts for much that forms the staple of their speeches. The "Front Bench men" constantly employ the willing services of youthful members to fetch authorities from the Library,



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. R. C. WALPOLE, LIBRARIAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

quoted in debate, and Mr. Ralph Charles Walpole's comprehensive knowledge of the books under his care is readily placed at the disposal of every courteous inquirer. He is the son of the late Rev. Thomas Walpole, a member of the wide-reaching Walpole family, of which the Earl of Orford is the head. He is fifty years of age, and was educated at Radley College. The Librarian is, as may be surmised, an important official of the House of Commons, and his duties bring him into intimate relations with most members.

THE BALLADE OF MELIAR ANN.

(A LONDON LYRIC.)

Dark and tall and willowy straight,
Blithe of eye and bonnie of blee,
Is't a Bacchante wandered late
Out of the shadows of Arcadie,
Footing it featly, wild and free,
Here on the verge of the roaring Fleet?
What is your name, and your old degree?
"Meliar Ann of the Twinkling Feet!"
Rattle and hammer and rasp and grate,
Magical organ minstrelsy!
Here is a nymph for Pan, a mate
Meet for the Master of Faërie.
Flaunt and flitter and frisk and flee,
Timing the measure of "Marguerite":
One more touch of your quality—
Meliar Ann of the Twinkling Feet.
Look! in the gutter she tramples Fate,
Tramples him under and grins in glee,
Flashes her teeth at her low estate,
Snaps her fingers at Misery.
Mad with the wine of her wizardry,
Twirls and twists in the sloppy street,
"Three, two, one" and "one, two, three,"
Meliar Ann of the Twinkling Feet.

ENVOI.

Dance, oh! dance, while your young days be;
Pleasure is pleasure, and life is sweet;
Here's my song for share of your fee—
Meliar Ann of the Twinkling Feet.—W. A. MACKENZIE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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GREAT THOUGHTS.—WILLIAM STRUTT.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

The China Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club is, in its way, a test of artistic appreciation, for here is gathered together work distinguished by nothing more than beauty of material, of form, and of colour. Realism is practically absent, and the anecdote has here no place. It is simply a lovely revel of blue-and-white background, with occasional glimpses of richer and fuller colour. We are, perhaps, too little interested in the historical associations of such work, but it is wise to record the remark made by Sir Wollaston Franks in the catalogue, that most of the old specimens of Blue and White—no matter whether they bear earlier dates or not—may be put down to the reign of the second Emperor of the Tsing dynasty. His dates were from 1660 to 1720, so that his reign was, for the most part, identical with that of Charles II., William of Orange, and Anne.

There are, however, far earlier records of Chinese work in this exhibition—as, for example, the superb ewer, basin, dish, and bowl which have belonged to the Cecils, it is supposed, ever since the time of Elizabeth. Among the china relieved by other colour, one of the most magnificent exhibits is a large vase, the property of Mr. Salting. Three peonies form part of the decoration among lotus-flowers and branches and leaves. The peonies are of a deep plum-red, and the leaves and branches are of grey. It would not be easy to imagine a more remarkably beautiful combination in china. Mr. W. Alexander also sends a large dish, with a design of five lotus-flowers among buds and peony leaves; and you are reminded of our own Worcester in the two cups lent by Mr. Hollingsworth. Indeed, we believe that it was upon examples of this exquisite "powder-blue" that the Worcester manufacture was subsequently formed. Take the exhibition, then, all in all, without the necessity of going further into details, we may say, broadly, that in general effect it is as beautiful as it is—in the true sense of the word—chaste. The colour, which might in itself be monotonous, receives a very exquisite variety from the specialisation of forms; the whole is singularly worth examination.

Messrs. Colnaghi have gathered together a sufficiently interesting exhibition of old coloured prints, the productions of about a century ago. A coloured print, treated as it was in those days, might or might not be extremely interesting, from an artistic point of view; but with a little care it can, at all events, be made very pretty and "nice." Thus, in reproducing the effeminate and delicate work of Wheatley, it can be made—and is made—in its own way, extremely effective. The great

drawback of such a method lies, of course, in the fact that it is impossible to produce an effect of delicate gradation and the melting, as it were, of minor shade into minor shade. In pure portraiture, therefore, it confesses its obvious limitations; it destroys the truth of fine modelling, and rather produces flat effects, like plastered colour. As we have said,



FIGURE STUDY.—W. VON GLOEDEN.

however, the colour-printing of work after such an artist as Wheatley, would be, for any period, sweet and attractive. The Pall Mall exhibition shows, moreover, a number of such examples, which alone would suffice to make a visit to it an interesting, even an engrossing, experience in an odd and only occasionally true world of art.

In connection with Mr. H. A. Kennedy's essay in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Paintings at Pompeii," Mr. H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott has written an extremely sensible and sound letter to the *Standard* upon the same subject. Naturally taking as his standpoint the position that it is of the highest importance that every scrap of art-work in connection with Pompeii should be religiously preserved, he lays the infraction of this principle at the doors not only of the Neapolitan 'Arrys (who ruin the frescoes with their autographs), but also of the German, English, and American tourists, who make it their special duty to collect mosaic and tear off pieces of fresco, and even make it a point to compare notes upon the relative outrageousness of their thefts. A method of at least preserving the paint used to be resorted to when the walls were waxed; but a hopeless misappropriation of the funds devoted to this purpose has since compelled authorities to give up the practice.

Mr. Marriott is no less annoyed with the practice of authorities who appear to think that it would be a wiser plan to excavate further, at all costs, rather than take immediate steps to keep the place in good preservation. "And in the meantime," he, perhaps a little selfishly, concludes, "they are wasting time and money to please an unappreciative Neapolitan population, little thinking that Englishmen, whether simply tourists or students of archaeology like myself, can appreciate what is truly interesting, and already find in Pompeii quite sufficient to study." We cannot refrain from thinking that, however right, from the mainly



A STUDY.—W. VON GLOEDEN.

artistic point of view, Mr. Marriott may happen to be, his view is, at all events, a somewhat personal one. Still, we are inclined to agree with him.

San Francisco is proud of having once sheltered Stevenson. A drinking-fountain is to be erected on the old Plaza of that city, in memory of his sojourn within its walls. A committee has sent out the following curious appeal—

TO REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson is dead, and with a sense of our debt to him for all he has given us—the delight of his art, the freshened zest for life—some acknowledgment seems fitting. He dwelt for a time with us, and added a distinction to our cosmopolitanism, to our picturesqueness, by recognising both. It was here in San Francisco that he suffered and enjoyed such a varied fortune, and here he played out part of the drama of his life. With this in mind, it is proposed that a simple drinking-fountain be set up as a memorial to him in the old Plaza (the heart of the life he found so interesting)—a memorial to him, and the chance for the cup of cold water to the stranger and the waif left by the ebb-tide. You are invited to subscribe to this memorial.

The design for the fountain has already been made. A shaft of marble will bear a green bronze capping, supporting a gilt ship under full sail. On the front will be applied a gilt sun-dial, while the spigot, lower down, will be of green bronze. On the back of the shaft will be shown the pilgrim's staff and scrip and a flageolet, Stevenson's favourite instrument. The front of the shaft will further bear the words "To Robert Louis Stevenson," and the beginning of this quotation from his "Christmas Sermon"—

To be honest—to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less—to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more.

The death of Mrs. Thornycroft, the sculptor, removes an interesting figure from the world of art. She was the wife of the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, sculptor, and much of her earlier work was executed for the Queen, many of whose children and descendants she modelled with considerable success. After the death of her husband she practically retired from the artistic profession, leaving it to the younger generation to carry on the family tradition.

It was, perhaps, inevitable, as a writer in the *Globe* points out, that the children of such a union, between two artists of notable power, should show marked proficiency in the practice of art; and, therefore, the position taken by her son Hamo, and her daughters Teresa and Helen, the well-known flower-painter, calls for no special comment. Her only other son, John, is the famous torpedo-boat builder (whose son-in-law, Mr. C. J. Cornish, author of "Life



MRS. GEORGE GARDEN NICOL.—ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

of an artist father became respectively eminent for painting and inventive engineering, so the two male inheritors of the Thornycroft capacity are famous, one as a sculptor of superlative skill, the other as the builder of some of the most remarkable vessels afloat. As an interesting instance



"I WAS EVER A FIGHTER."—L. LESLIE BROOKE.

at the 'Zoo,' is dealt with elsewhere in our issue this week). It is worth while, however, to note that the alliance between art and mechanics which has been seen in other artistic families appeared among the younger Thornycrofts. As in the Nasmyth family, where two sons



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MISS EDITH BRIGNALL.—RALPH PEACOCK.

in the same connection, the engineering firm of Conder and Goode, which existed some years ago, might also be quoted. The junior partner was the father of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, and the senior was a direct descendant of Roubiliac, the famous sculptor.

A FARM IN FAIRYLAND.

BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT.

Numerous collections of original fairy stories have made their appearance of late years, and not a few have merited the epithets of graceful and charming. "A Farm in Fairyland," by Laurence Housman (Kegan Paul and Co.), is, nevertheless, divided from the best of them, so far as known to us, by a gulf which we cannot denote better than by describing the author's place as on the right side of the boundary of genius. While positively thrilling by the originality of his conceptions, he charms by their simplicity. On a small scale he endures as well as any great master that supreme test of inventive excellence, the reader's half-angry question, "Why did I not think of this myself?" Take, for instance, that masterpiece of pathos, the story of the one waking man in the Sleeping Palace. The *dénouement* comes with a shock of surprise, and yet, when this has abated, it is seen to be perfectly natural, and, indeed, inevitable from the first; nor is it any the worse for recalling the catastrophe of George Eliot's one great poem, "The Legend of Jubal." In two other beautiful stories, which bear a strong family likeness, "The Wooing of the Maze," and "The Rooted Lover," the working out is equally ingenious and equally logical, with the advantage of being as winning in its playfulness as the other is tragic in its pitifulness. We cannot here make the round of Mr. Housman's tales, but must not omit a word of acknowledgment of the weird fancy of "The Shadow-Weavers," and the mystic glamour of "Japonel," where the very soul of Teutonic witch-lore seems concentrated in the magic pool. Nor, although Mr. Housman's poetry will be most fully appreciated by adults, are they at all beyond the range of children, whom his fancy and humour will especially delight. The following is an excellent specimen of his lighter style:—

His fairy godmother had sent him a bird—a real, live bird—but when he pulled its tail it became a lizard, and when he pulled the lizard's tail it became a mouse, and when he pulled the mouse's tail it became a cat; then he did very much want to see if the cat would eat the mouse, and, not being able to have them both together, he got rather vexed with his fairy godmother. However, he pulled the cat's tail, and the cat became a dog, and the dog became a goat, and so it went on till he got to a cow; and he pulled the cow's tail, and it became a camel, and he pulled the camel's tail, and it became an elephant; and still, not being contented, he pulled the elephant's tail, and it became a guinea-pig. Now a guinea-pig has got no tail to pull, so it remained a guinea-pig, while Prince Fredolin sat down and howled at his fairy godmother.

Those acquainted with Mr. Housman's previous achievements as an artist will not need to be told that his illustrations to his own book are full of imagination. We think, however, that they occasionally suffer from the endeavour to get more into a plate than can be well expressed in so narrow a space. The one commanding figure on the title-page, rich as are her accessories, is perfectly charming.

LITTLE ETHEL: "Mamma, what does it rain for?"
MRS. DE HOMELY: "To make the trees and grass and everything grow pretty."

LITTLE ETHEL: "Then why doesn't it rain on Papa?"—*Life*.

"THE FIRST STEP."

So far as I know, "The First Step" is the first step taken by Mr. William Heinemann in the path of play-writing, and I hope it will not be the last. No doubt he will be discouraged by the fact that some of the critics have fallen foul of it, and unpleasantly surprised to find that it has been prohibited; but some will see in it, as I do, strong evidence of dramatic instinct. It may be admitted that, as it stands, "The First Step," if actually put on the stage, would be a *premier pas qui coûte*, for there is want of tact—perhaps one should say technique—in the way in which the work is handled. A series of long speeches and soliloquies, in which, rightly, no effort is made to reach absolute beauty of word or idea,

but only to attain fitness, would never please the British public, nor even that more patient people, the French.

One may, however, pass lightly over a question of pure mechanics, seeing that without vital alteration an experienced hand could quickly put the piece into acting shape. The more important matter is that Mr. Heinemann has succeeded in placing on the stage people who breathe and live. They are not very pleasant folk, and it may be admitted that one of them, Annie, acts incomprehensibly. I do not believe for a moment that the Annie of the play would postpone marriage with her too intimate lover on the grounds alleged by her, and I am quite certain she would have rushed off to the theatre the moment she found that her foolish young sister was left there alone with Jack. Nevertheless, Annie has far more flavour of life in her than is common on the stage. It sounds paradoxical, yet I venture to assert that, although her conduct is incredible, there is more real human nature in Annie than in the most reasonable creature ever presented by Mr. Haddon Chambers.

Lizzie, too, as a picture of the lower-middle-class girl who so longs for the sunshine of life, because she has been shut up for years in a gloomy religious home, that she becomes reckless, is very solidly drawn, and has some fine touches of character. It may be that there is a needless obscurity about the attitude of Frank, but it is hard to say whether some of it would not disappear in actual stage presentation. It will be noticed that the author has carefully sought to give a real conversational style to

his dialogue, and in some instances has caught phrases that are highly and nicely characteristic. Possibly, some will suggest that a girl who says "You beast!" when she is kissed by a man with whom she is flirting violently, is rather more vulgar in style than is necessary. However, this raises a difficult question; probably, the author takes the view that the lower one gets in the classes, the less complex become the emotions, and therefore the more easy to represent forcibly. After all, Lizzie is not more vulgar in feeling than some of the "nobility and gentry" in the plays of Mr. Oscar Wilde. The prohibition of a work which, while avoiding indelicate details, paints a grim, almost repulsive, and decidedly deterrent picture of irregular sex relations, is an absurd abuse of power, and suggests that there is some truth in the rumour that Mr. Pigott has received orders from an exalted being, who does nothing for our drama, to "burke" all pieces that deal with the serious problems of life—truthfully.

MONOCLE.



ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

From "A Farm in Fairyland."

A FAMOUS SONG-WRITER.

MR. F. E. WEATHERLY.

A modern Tyrtaeus, the author of "Nancy Lee" might well exclaim, "Let who will make the people's laws if I may make their songs," the more so that, unlike most successful song-writers, he has, during his long and successful career, catered for all tastes and all moods. Indeed, it would be hard to say which are the most popular, his nautical and humorous ditties, such as "The Midshipmite" and "The Maids of Lee," or, on the other hand, songs like "Darby and Joan" and "Douglas Gordon," which, with their delicate sentiment and deep pathos, appeal to quite another class of mind and audience.

Those who spend their lives in putting off what they have to do till to-morrow will scarcely credit the fact that the man who in one season could produce the English versions of "La Navarraise," "L'Attaque du Moulin," "Signa," the lyrics in "Mirette," and the complete libretto of "The Lady of Longford," is also a successful and hard-working barrister; yet it was in a set of very business-like looking chambers (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) that I found Mr. Weatherly busily engaged looking over some law papers, which he, however, kindly consented to lay aside in order that we might have a short chat.

"When did I make my first essay in song-writing?" he repeated meditatively. "Just when I left school, and I was an Oxford undergraduate when my first song, 'When we are old and grey,' was published. I need hardly tell you that even then literary work had a great fascination for me, and in the intervals of tutoring I wrote several children's Christmas books, and published 'Nancy Lee,' which caught on at once. The verses of that song, by the way, were written while I was waiting for a pupil who failed to keep an engagement. In connection with 'Nancy Lee' is associated a rather sad incident, which at the time naturally injured its popularity, for it was being sung on deck just before the Thames excursion steamer, Princess Alice, went down."

"You must have collaborated with most of the popular composers of the day?"

"Yes, as a writer of original verses, and as an adapter of foreign libretti. I have had the honour of being associated with nearly every modern composer of note. I did the English version of 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'Pagliacci,' 'L'Amico Fritz,' 'I Rantzau,' 'Amy Robsart,' 'La Navarraise,' 'L'Attaque du Moulin,' 'Signa,' many of the lyrics in 'Mirette,' and several cantatas."

"Have you any regular time for composition?"

"No, not as regards my songs, but much of my libretto work is, of course, done to order. Perhaps my best verses have been written in the spring and autumn. When once I have got my subject, I am a rapid worker."

"As to your ideas: where do you get them from?"

"Anywhere and everywhere. It is impossible to say where one's ideas come from, and who or what first suggested them. One might use the story of some great classic, but in most cases these have already been done—perhaps badly, but, still, they cannot be used again. Again, you may flatter yourself on having got something original; but there's always some good-natured fellow ready to point out when and where it appeared before. Ideas will come anywhere, and in the most uncongenial places: a song of Arcady may occur to one walking up Fleet Street, a city song when sitting by the sea-shore, or in one's study. 'To-morrow will be Friday' was suggested to me by a picture of some monks sitting on the brink of a river, fishing for Friday's dinner."

"Do you often compose the music to your verses?"

"I have written the music of some four or five songs that have been very successful, 'Uncle John' and 'The Bee and the Song' particularly so; but songs do not sell to the extent they used to. What would now be regarded as a big success would only represent a quarter of what it would have been some fifteen years ago. If I were asked to give the cause of this, I should reply that too many compositions of the same kind have been brought upon the market. The publishers have brought the present state of things entirely upon themselves; in the first instance, they would never admit the author of the words of a song to share in the profit: the result was that writers, in order to make a living, went on multiplying songs, reproducing themselves for other publishers, without, perhaps, doing it so closely as to come into active conflict with the

interests of the first publisher, but still doing it. Had the publishers been straightforward in the first instance, and given the authors a share in the profits, the latter would have found it to their advantage not to repeat themselves. Then, again, there are always a number of imitators ready to copy an idea, and even a title, from a popular song, thus seriously reducing its success. For instance, supposing there be a song called 'The Children's Prayers,' someone immediately writes a ditty entitled 'The Children's Pinafores,' and another takes 'The Children's Tees' for his theme, and so on and so on, till the whole thing is worn threadbare."

"You have had many curious experiences, Mr. Weatherly?"

"Yes, very curious," he replied with a meditative smile. "People have contradicted me to my face as to the authorship of some of my verses and songs. 'Oh, no,' they will say, 'you are mistaken, that was written by So-and-so; I'm sure of it.' Even my identity has been called in question. Having admitted that I was Mr. F. E. Weatherly, I have been amused to hear, 'Oh, but the author of those songs is a tall man, with a grey beard; I know him well.' But perhaps the most amusing little incident of the kind which ever occurred to me was when I went on one occasion into a shop in Fleet Street, and ordered something to be sent home, giving my name and address. The shopman asked, 'Any relation, Sir, to the well-known Weatherly?' I was not

going to be drawn, and so replied, 'It all depends what you mean by well-known.' 'I mean, Sir, any relation to the famous Weatherly, who made a fortune out of sweets in Battersea?'

"Even the critics sometimes make a mistake," continued my host, laughing. "One of my songs was announced by mistake in the programme of a concert as 'an old English ballad.' The representative of a well-known journal spoke of it as 'an exquisite old English ballad,' adding that it was a pity that singers did not discard modern songs and sing the old, and exhorting modern composers to note the way in which ancient composers caught the spirit of their words—the words and music having been written by myself a month before!"

"Do you admire the old ballads?"

"Admire them? I should think so! What modern song can equal their simplicity and directness?"

"Have you ever written songs with a view to certain singers?"

"Oh, yes! for Mr. Edward Lloyd, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and many others. But that only means that you write a song for a certain class of voice."

"Which do I prefer, men or women, to interpret my songs? Why, men, most decidedly. They feel more deeply than women. Take 'Douglas Gordon,' for example; a woman will sing that, and sing it with effect, no doubt, but the instant she leaves the platform she is ready to laugh and joke. Very different with a man; he will feel the pathos

to the innermost fibres, and, when he leaves off singing, can scarcely find words to speak to anyone."

"You do a good deal of law work, I believe. Do not the bard and the barrister sometimes clash?"

"I think not. But I have not been in the profession very long. Yes, I have been in several cases affecting copyright, but I have been mostly engaged in ordinary work."

"Have you published anything besides songs and libretti?"

"Oh, yes! Children's books every Christmas for the last fifteen years, and verses for Christmas cards by the hundred. You know one 'can't live on bread alone'!"

"Anything more serious?"

"Yes; a little handbook on Copyright, in collaboration with the musical Queen's Counsel Edward Cutler, and Eustace Smith, and a 'Manual of Logic,' which, when I was coaching at Oxford, had a big sale."

"And the future, which is it to be—Law, Logic, or Poetry?"

"Law and Poetry, and, I hope, Logic in both!"

TATTOOING FOR LADIES.

Tattooing has, at the moment, a certain vogue among many ladies of light and leading—partly from its decorative aspect. Lady Randolph Churchill is one of the pictorially punctured—a finely tattooed serpent being traced on her arm, whose presence is usually concealed by a broad gold bracelet. The tattooing was done by a soldier on a return voyage from India, and the symbolic snake is coloured in red, green, and blue.



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

MR. F. E. WEATHERLY.

MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN BOMBAY.

Photographs by F. D. Stewart, Poona.

STRETCHER DRILL.



SOME PRIZE-WINNERS.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

VI.—MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, AND CO.

If the annals of the house of Sampson Low and Co. do not take us very far back into the last century, they are not without considerable interest. The first Sampson Low of whom we have any record was a bookseller in Berwick Street, Soho, where, in addition to printing and selling books, he also published a number, including the novels of Mrs. Charlotte Smith; doubtless he would have become an eminent publisher had he not died, while still quite a young man, in 1800. The second Sampson Low, and practically the founder of the firm as it now exists, was only three years of age when his father died; he passed a short apprenticeship with Lionel Booth, whose circulating library in Duke Street was one of the fashionable resorts of the period; after leaving Booth, young Low spent a few extremely profitable years in the house of Longmans. He started in business on his own account in 1819, at 42, Lamb's Conduit Street, now a somewhat seedy and not too sweet-smelling thoroughfare, but then a first-rate and almost an aristocratic quarter. In the literary papers of the period one may read an advertisement of the "Guildford Reading-Room and Library," concerning which "S. Low respectfully acquaints the Public that he has added to his premises a commodious Reading-Room, which he hopes will be found to possess claims on Public Patronage, as affording convenience and amusement, being furnished with most of the London papers, the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, and *Paris Journal des Débats*, &c.; the literary and scientific periodical publications, with a good miscellaneous library, to which every new work of interest or merit will be added." The attraction held out in this interesting advertisement appears to have been fully recognised, and for many years Sampson Low's reading-room was the resort of literary men, lawyers, and politicians.

Sampson Low published very few books while in Lamb's Conduit Street: among these were a series of French text-books by Ventouillac, and a very charming little annual called *The Iris*, edited by the Rev. William Dales, illustrated with admirable steel engravings. The volumes were brought out at an immense cost, and did not prove successful. Perhaps his most important move while here was to start, in 1837, in conjunction with a committee of the leading publishers of London and Edinburgh, the *Publishers' Circular*, which, for very many years a fortnightly, has now become a weekly, and is still issued by this firm. In 1848 Sampson Low sold his business in Lamb's Conduit Street to a Mr. Cuming, and removed to 169, Fleet Street. The office was a very small one, and, four years later, Sampson Low and Son removed to 47, Ludgate Hill. Immediately before finally moving into the new premises the Duke of Wellington's funeral took place, and the demand of sight-seers was so great that the place was let for the day, nearly a year's rent being the result of the day's "letting." He was one of the most energetic members (as well as secretary) of a society which once existed among publishers and booksellers for the protection of retail booksellers against undersellers—a society which, on the advice of Lord Campbell, Mr. Gladstone, Macaulay, and others, dissolved in 1852. In January, 1856, Mr. Edward Marston (who had been with Sampson Low from 1846 to 1853, securing the appointment, it is said, through an advertisement in the *Publishers' Circular*) became a partner. From this it will be seen that Mr. Edward Marston's connection with the firm, of which he is now the head, dates back nearly half a century. During the brief interval above indicated, Mr. Marston had started in business on his own account, devoting his energies almost exclusively to the export trade in books—a phase at that time but little attended to. When he rejoined the two Sampson Lows, he brought with him a business connection of very great value, and one which has since developed into an immense concern, covering as it does practically the whole of the civilised world. It is no reflection on the sterling qualities of Sampson Low to say that the great concern with which his name is so closely identified owes more of its success to Mr. E. Marston than to anyone else.

The firm made another move in 1863, from the house at the foot of Ludgate Hill to No. 59 of the same thoroughfare. The move was a compulsory one, and had to be taken in consequence of the erection of the Ludgate Hill Viaduct. Five years later found them, much against their inclination, once more on the move, this time to Crown Buildings,

188, Fleet Street, which they secured on a twenty-one years' lease. It was in this place that the firm achieved its most important successes, and it was while here also that Sampson Low lost his two sons, he himself retiring in 1875, and dying in 1886. Mr. Marston describes Sampson Low as "a man of extraordinary zeal and untiring energy; but, although of excellent business qualities, he was not the sort of man to accumulate a large fortune in trade: his zeal and energy took a less selfish and more philanthropic turn than is generally characteristic of mere business men." Besides the *Publishers' Circular*, Mr. Sampson Low had two special literary "fads" to which he devoted much of his energy, "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London," an annual publication of great value, and the "English Catalogue of Books," which also makes its appearance once a year. The latter undertaking is one of national importance, for it is the only thing of its kind in this country, and it is well done. One of the most important business connections of the firm was made in or about 1844, when Sampson Low made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Fletcher Harper, which resulted in his becoming the literary agent of the Harpers for over forty years. The firm's connection with Americans has not been confined to Transatlantic publishers, but has been long and cordial with American authors; and only a short time ago Mr. Marston received a letter from the late Dr. Wendell Holmes, in which Dr. Holmes made mention of the fact that he had to engage the services of

an amanuensis, but that, to an old friend like Mr. Marston, he still preferred to write himself. The firm includes in its catalogue the list of nearly every American author of distinction.

If there is one particular class of book more than another for which Sampson Low, Marston and Co. are celebrated, it is those which deal with travel, adventure, and geographical research. They have stood sponsors to all Stanley's great books, from "How I found Livingstone," to his latest and greatest work, the publication of which forms one of the great eras in the history of the trade—an event worthy to be ranked side by side with the appearance of Macaulay's "History," and with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." The whole history of "Through the Dark Continent" has been told so often that it is not necessary to again refer to it. A much less important event, but one which excited nearly as much sensation, was the late Sir Morell Mackenzie's "Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." As the "Globe" catalogue of this firm comprises about one hundred and fifty closely packed pages, and comprises, in addition to the above-indicated sections, works in biography, criticism, *belles-lettres*, sport, art, fiction, and history, and as the prices range from threepence to thirty guineas, it will be readily understood that the selection is one which covers most tastes. The firm has started several series of excellent handbooks, their "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists," for example, extending to over forty volumes; the "Great Musicians" to fifteen volumes; their "Gentle Life"

series to thirteen volumes; the Standard Novels, about one hundred and thirty volumes; "Preachers of the Age," twenty volumes; and the highly successful "Prime Ministers" series of nine volumes. Their novelists include L. M. Alcott, W. Black, R. D. Blackmore, George Manville Fenn, Thomas Hardy, W. H. G. Kingston, George MacDonald, Mrs. Stowe, and Jules Verne.

When the firm became a private limited liability company, a few years ago, there were four partners, Mr. E. Marston and his son, Mr. R. B. Marston, with Mr. S. W. Searle and Mr. W. J. Rivington. In 1891 a reconstruction was effected, the two latter gentlemen retiring. Mr. E. Marston is still the head of the firm. Mr. R. B. Marston, like his father and Sampson Low, is an enthusiastic angler. He is not only editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, the best paper of its kind in existence, but has edited an *édition de luxe*, which he calls "The Lea and Dove" edition, of Walton and Cotton's "Compleat Angler," one of the most worthy monuments to the memory of Izaak which has ever been published. He has also contributed a charming little volume to the Booklovers' Library on some of the pre-Waltonian writers on this fascinating pastime, by which "none maketh money—only contentment." Mr. R. B. Marston was chiefly instrumental in getting a statue of Izaak Walton erected on the beautiful screen in Winchester Cathedral; and just now he is actively engaged in collecting funds for a "Memorial Window" to Izaak Walton in St. Dunstan's Church. Mr. Marston is hon. treasurer of the Flyfishers' Club, which had been founded some years ago mainly through his energetic action—in recognition of which the members presented



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON, SENR., AND MR. R. B. MARSTON, OF SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, AND CO., LTD.

him with a very handsome service of plate. He has also translated some technical French and German books on photography, published by his house. The remaining members of the firm are Mr. Robert Bickersteth, M.A., son of the Bishop of Exeter; Mr. Guy Abney, B.A., son of Captain W. de B. Abney, C.B.; and Mr. Stuart J. Reid, brother of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, whose "Life and Times" of Sydney Smith attracted much attention a few years ago, and who is now engaged in writing the "Life" of Lord John Russell for the "Prime Ministers Series." The palatial business premises of the firm are, as is well known, in Fetter Lane, and are among the most extensive and complete of their kind in London.

W. ROBERTS.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A RAILWAY TICKET.

The first cardboard railway-ticket was issued in 1841, just about a year after the issue of the first postage-stamp. Prior to that date, passengers were "booked" in fact as well as in name; that is to say, the payment of their fares was recorded in a receipt-book, and a paper voucher handed to the traveller, in which his name, destination, and the date had to be inserted with pen-and-ink. Now, passengers are not named, but numbered; everything is ready printed on the tickets, except the date, which is stamped on at the time of issue; and, consequently, a booking-clerk can "book" more passengers in one hour than, when booking was a reality, he could dispose of in a day. The Great Eastern Railway issues about sixty million tickets yearly, which is probably a good ten millions more than any other English company. Therefore, when Mr. Drury, the courteous assistant-superintendent of that line, handed me a note, authorising me to go over his company's printing works at Stratford, I judged I was on my way to see the making of railway-tickets on the largest scale. Many railway companies, nowadays, print their own tickets, but the Great Eastern and Chatham and Dover alone have thought it worth while to make a "side-show" of all their printing and stationery requirements. Thus, besides the sixty million tickets above mentioned, the yearly output from the Stratford printing works includes such items as five hundred thousand time-books, four million luggage-labels, five and a half million handbills, and five thousand reams of letter-paper. On my way through the works to the ticket-printing department, I encounter many interesting things. Among them is a machine for ruling account-books, which puts in a dozen columns at one movement; a wire-stitcher, which, if put to it, can sew two thousand pamphlets in an hour, and a "guillotine cutting-machine," which, one is relieved to find, operates on nothing more sensitive than sheets of letter-paper. Arrived in the ticket-room, I find a row of eleven machines, closely resembling the common or station "automatic." Examining one of them more nearly, however, I discover that the tube on its right side, which should contain chocolate, is filled with blank cards, which, when they reach the bottom, are pushed, one by one, not forwards, but sideways, to meet two sets of type. The first of these numbers them, and the other prints the names of the stations, &c., after which they are forced up the left-hand or "butter-scotch" tube, to be taken out in batches when they reach the top. All these operations, except the feeding and emptying of the tubes, are performed mechanically by steam-power, including the consecutive numbering of any series, once started; but, of course, before a different sort of ticket can be set going, the type has to be removed and new names of stations inserted from a complete set of these which every machinist has ready to hand. In the old paper-ticket days, tickets were numbered, so that, if there was not room in the train for everybody, passengers might have priority in number order. Nowadays, probably not one railway traveller in a million has occasion to note the figures on his passport; but when supplies are sent to the booking-clerks, the opening and closing numbers of each sort sent are carefully noted by the Audit Office, and checked off, in due course, both with the collected tickets and with the booking-clerks' daily returns. Thus the whole system of accounting depends on the accurate numbering of the tickets, and particularly on the detection of duplicates such as the machines are liable to turn out in moments of absent-mindedness. On this account, all tickets, when taken out of the printing-machine, are put into a counting-machine, which registers each one much as people are registered by being passed through a turnstile, while a man in charge watches closely to see that the number on each ticket as it passes through corresponds with the number exhibited by the registering apparatus. Dissecting a blank card for my benefit, Mr. Perry, the Great Eastern head printer, shows me that there are three sides to every railway-ticket—two outsides and an inside. The insides, he tells me, are nearly all made in Germany, "where they work for nothing and steal the material," but the outsides are generally put on in Scotland, because the canny Scot holds the secret of the best and cheapest way of colouring paper. The complete article is supplied to the railway companies on contract by eminent stationery firms at prices ranging from eightpence to eighteenpence per thousand, according to the number of colours, quality, &c. In a small room above the printing-room I see "the last scene of all" in a railway-ticket's not very "eventful history." Here a lad, standing in a good-sized pool of parti-coloured pasteboard, by the aid of a sort of mincing-machine, ruthlessly chops into fragments tickets which perhaps have been the cherished travelling-companions of beautiful women and eminent men. For some of them, in their better days, several pounds have been cheerfully given. Now the whole ton's weight, about a million separate tickets, realises thirty shillings only as waste paper.

C. H. GRINLING.

AN EVENING'S WALK.

The Start.

Passing along the avenue of elms, we come to the river, quietly winding its way through peaceful fields, which still look fresh and green, for the summer has been wet and the September sun has had but little chance to dry up these lowlands. Following the river's course, we come to a natural weir, where the water ripples over the barrier of stones and vegetation, and falls into a deep and quiet pool, overhung by high banks of sand, where the kingfisher and sand-marten often nest, and by the oaks which fringe their edge, in whose dark shadows the chub and tench lie. In the pool's centre the stump of a decayed branch rises out of the water, forming a favourite perch from which the kingfisher can fish, and at the same time furnishing, by its submerged branches, a quiet retreat for the fish. Past the pool the stream narrows and winds along through pasture-lands; through its clear waters masses of waving weeds may be seen in the shallows, and in the deeper "runs" a trout or chub or a flock of smaller roach. The banks are lined with fine old pollard willows, and here and there are dotted with clumps of alders, fine hunting-grounds for the siskins. Pollard willows have a way of growing almost in the water; among their roots, and in their shade, the chub often grows to a great size. Stealing quietly along, we can see one lying near the surface of the water, its broad back being hardly distinguishable from the long, waving weeds. Make the slightest movement, and it vanishes—not with swirl and rush like a jack, but by slowly sinking out of sight.

But we are bound for sport, so, fixing our rod, we choose the finest casts, and carefully soaking our fly—a large palmer—we follow the stream down. In the next meadow are plovers running here and there, feeding; but at our approach they stop, and standing with their heads "up wind," are ready to rise. But they are not the first to see us. A heron lazily watching for some small dace or frog, after one or two preparatory flaps, rises, and circling slowly upward, soon looks like some solitary crow in the distance. A wood comes down to the stream here, thick with undergrowth of withies and alder, its leafy floor hidden by coarse water-plants and reeds; it is a favourite spot for a cast, and after one or two throws we feel the line tighten, but he is not fairly hooked, and the rod unbends in a moment. The fish is free once more; but it has disturbed the water, and the silvery dace which we could see rising here and there have vanished.

Fishing for Chub.

A slight noise frightens a blackbird which has settled in the top branches of the alder, and, uttering its loud, warning note, it reveals our presence to the kingfisher. In a moment it is off, skimming along the surface of the stream below the level of the banks, the sun showing off the lovely azure of its back and wings in all their glory. Our next cast is just below a willow, which has fallen half across the stream, making it deeper here and the current faster. It is just the swim for chub; very slowly creeping up, we can see several lazily feeding. Casting carefully, we try and place our fly just above them, but the wind blows it aside, and we make several ineffectual efforts. At last it falls just above one: he lazily turns and opens his mouth; we strike gently; in a moment the rod bends double—he rushes up stream, trying hard to get among the willow roots. We give him "the butt," and stop him, but we cannot hold him long; he rushes to the surface, and jumps out with a splash, but he is still on, and we give him a little line; he then dives for a clump of thick weeds, and buries his nose in them. There he lies like a log. We begin to think he is conquered, but again he rushes up stream; his tugs are weaker, and we haul him—gently—down—stream. This quickly weakens him; he plunges and tries once or twice more to make for the weeds, but they are his last struggles, and we wind him gently into the landing-net. Panting with excitement, we unhook him. He is a fine fish, weighing close on four pounds; his silver scales, amber belly, and ruby fins look so fresh and lovely! and, wrapping him carefully in rushes, we place him in the creel. The sun is now getting low, and, satisfied with our sport, we begin to put our tackle away again.

A water-vole dives off the opposite bank with a "plop," and comes swimming across the stream, his brown back and head only visible. He stops just under the bank, watches us a moment with his bead-like little eyes, half buried in the thick fur, then quietly dives, and comes up under the bank, into one of the many holes with which they have riddled it. We can still hear the clumsy rise of the chub, and the more gentle one of the trout or dace. They are probably after the black gnats that are so plentiful just over the water to-night. Two mallard fly overhead: we hear the "wish, wish" of their wings long before we see them; doubtless they are off to feed on the barley-stubbles in the uplands.

The Finish.

We hear the barn-owls now and then, and in the distance the hoot of the wood-owl. One flaps noiselessly by, hardly noticing us in its eager search for its favourite prey, the water-vole. Barn-owls vary very much in plumage: some are almost white on the breast and some quite a tawny colour. As we come out into the avenue again, we see one, bolt upright on a projecting branch; on our approach he utters his prolonged and weird screech and flies off into the gloom. Once more we find ourselves in the high road, and plod slowly homeward, with a light heart and a heavy appetite, the proud burdens of our spoil on our backs.

P. R. W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"There! 'ow 's a poor man to live? Blest if there ain't a cove trying to drown 'isself with a pair o' my skates on!"



THE HEIGHT OF FLATTERY.

"Allow me to say, Madam, that I really—a—wonder whether I am talking to yourself—a—or to your daughter."



*"Never owned a monarch's sceptre
Half such power for weal or woe;
Venus' girdle never kept her
Votaries in half the glow;*

*"Circe's spells in magic spoken
Weakly pale and yield the van;
Think of all the gay hearts broken—
Broken by a sweet girl's fan!"*



1. BACHELOR (*log.*): "Some people like society. In my case my own intellectual communion with self is all-satisfying. I drink to all!" 2. "'Speets there is earthquakes about somewhere. Jolly glad didn't go home early.'" 3. COACHMAN (driving home from political club): "What a pity master mixes whisky with his politics!"

ORPHEUS AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH MR. C. J. CORNISH.

Wrapped in mist, there was a weird undefinedness about the osier-covered Eyot lying right in front of Chiswick Mall, which suggested to me, as I stood in the embrasure of the oriel window of Orford House, that, however much we may be brought face to face with Nature, a haze



OTTER PURSUING FISH.—FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING.
From Mr. Cornish's "Life at the 'Zoo'" (Seeley).

always hangs about our observations of her mysterious laws which we would very willingly penetrate if we could. No more entertaining and better-informed guide at any rate would you wish than Mr. C. J. Cornish, who, since his boyhood, has been a diligent note-taker of the ways of birds, and beasts, and fish, and every creeping thing. Bred in the White Horse county—in Tom Hughes's country, in fact, and within sight of the Wiltshire Downs, sung of in poetic prose by Richard Jefferies—his school life spent among the Surrey Hills around the Charterhouse, while his leisure when at Oxford was given over—as was his friend Aubyn Trevor-Battye's—to the study of the denizens of field, flood, and forest, the author of "Life at the 'Zoo'" is no novice as regards the subject about which he writes so charmingly. The artistic word-painting in the greater number of the chapters of that fascinating volume is the outcome, doubtless, of his possessing a finished and ornate style, a rich vocabulary, and a fund of general information, while his keen love of the subject-matter animates every line of the work. Doubtless, too, his classical attainments as a scholar of Hertford College and his intimate acquaintance with general literature have not been without their value in making these compiled articles from the *Spectator* for the most part so eminently readable.

All lovers of the animal world would enjoy a chat with Mr. Cornish. As to myself, I was fairly lost to every other thought than to those which he suggested. His description of the Butterfly Farm at the "Zoo" presented a fairyland, where "the butterflies are to the moths what the fabrics of Europe are to the webs of Cashmere or the carpets of Daghestan," and where certain beetles of Ceylon might be mistaken "for an embossed gold sleeve-button, with a rim of yellow tale." Then he may plunge you into the depths of the ocean, fourteen thousand feet or more below the surface,

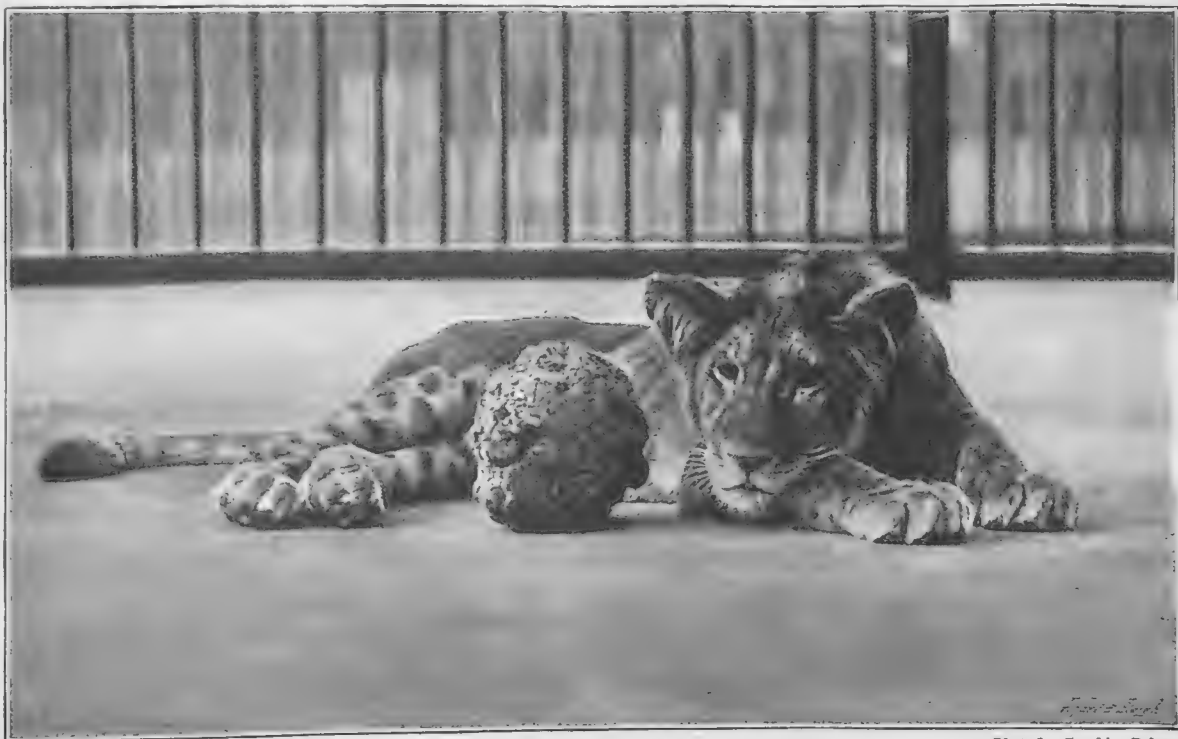
where the sunlight never penetrates and the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing-point, while plant-life is totally absent, and the pressure is two and a half tons on the square inch, or twenty-five times greater than the power that drives a railway-train. Yet here there is teeming life. Deep-sea lamps, furnished by phosphorescent animals, give off a weird light, by which creatures, provided with eyes possessing four thousand facets, move about in an effulgence as comparatively brilliant as that which illuminates the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris.

Subjects to which my host had evidently devoted both time and trouble are the effects of scent and sound on various animals. With the aid of a skilled musician, Mr. Cornish played the part of Orpheus among the cobras, the saurians, and the wolves and the tigers and the monkeys, with piccolo, flute, and violin, demonstrating that airs in a minor key and discords are distasteful to almost all, but that snakes swayed their bodies in rhythmic time, not to the motion of the player's arms—for he was invisible—but to the time of the air. The larger and smaller animals of the cat tribe would appear to be as agreeably influenced by sweet sounds as by delicious odours, but wolves and their kind evidently possess feelings too savage to be soothed by music.

Perhaps one of the most attractive subjects Mr. Cornish will discuss is the æsthetic sense of beauty in the animal world. He refers to his observation of a chiffchaff, which decorated its nest with the blue feathers of the kingfisher, of the love of the bower-bird to adorn its singularly shaped nest, and the common practice of the kite and the jackdaw to pilfer bright scraps of material and store them up in receptacles quite apart from their food dépôts.

Another topic of conversation will certainly come to the front—namely, the theory of "protective mimicry," or, in other words, the gradual adaptation of birds, beasts, or fish, by a process of evolution in colour, to that of their surroundings, so as to better escape notice by their enemies. This theory leads to the belief that form is also modified—for instance, flat fish may have been at one time round, like mackerel—that the stripes on a tiger are traceable to the shadows thrown by the tall grass-stems of the jungle, while the changes in the colour of northern birds and arctic animals at various seasons is a providential arrangement for their better preservation. To this doctrine there may be opposed the fact that certain male birds are conspicuously brilliant in plumage. "Sexual selection" may be explanatory of this nearly general rule, or, since the male bird is the more frequent result of the hatching of an egg, it may be that the male is purposely made the more attractive, that his numbers may be diminished. It seems to be a moot point if nauseous-tasting insects are endowed with bright colours as a danger-flag to animals which might otherwise seize them for food.

While on this subject, I ventured to suggest that the floral world might, with advantage, be employed to act as a police to warn off certain species from preying on other occupants of the soil, instancing



THE QUEEN'S LION CUB.

From Mr. Cornish's "Life at the 'Zoo'" (Seeley).

Photo by Gambier Bolton.

my own experience, that the pyrethrum, or golden feather, banished slugs; that the mustard-plant destroyed the wire-worm, or put it to flight; while the pollen of many plants is distasteful to moths, &c. Mr. Cornish replied that the exact organs of insects were so little understood, as to whether they had senses far more developed than our own, or whether they had not even extra senses. Lubbock's bees seemed insensible to the sound of their dinner-bell, but their vision permitted them, apparently, to see in the dark, and butterflies could "nose" carrion miles away. Patterns, as distinguished from markings, came also within



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. C. J. CORNISH.

the scope of this, to me, most agreeable chat. Pattern, he said, was the repetition of certain and regular forms, and was by no means common in the animal world, and might be traced, with minor differences, in birds, beasts, fish, insects, and even in some flowers; and he instanced that of the peacock's eye. Then there are the scale, the bar, the wave-line, and the diaper patterns. But the stripes on a tiger are mere markings, to give an instance *per contra*. Mr. Cornish is especially enthusiastic on the preservation of the wild life of unspoilt England, still remaining in the populous southern counties, and is anxious to secure to the public for ever other choice spots, like the New Forest, already made a sanctuary, as natural local parks.

In connection with this wish of his, conversation wanders to Mr. Carl Hagenbach's proposed monster zoological cages he is intending to construct at New York, on the model, but far larger, of those he has already arranged at Hamburg and Chicago, where all the carnivora shall live a semi-natural life. Then we talked about that remarkable park of 30,000 acres which the wealthy American, Mr. Austin Corbin, has enclosed on Long Island, wherein he has preserved many specimens of the large game of North America, with the exception of bears, pumas, wolves, and foxes. Mr. Cornish has regarded the subject which engrosses himself so greatly from an art point also, so that it is very interesting to hear him contrast the drawings of animal life, especially of birds, as executed by J. Bewick, J. Woolf, Stacy Marks, and the Japanese painter, Bairai. Indeed, Mr. Cornish seems, as respects the art of giving apparent motion to a study, to prefer the work of the Japanese artist. Several of the engravings in "Life at the 'Zoo'" confirm Mr. Cornish's opinion.

But the last sparrow has long since put its head under its wing, and the lamp-lighter has finished his round, while the Eyot, opposite the extreme corner of which the results of the mile trials of Mr. John Thorncroft's (Mr. Cornish's father-in-law) torpedo-boats are signalled, has disappeared in the gloom, so I say "Adieu" to my amusing host. T. H. L.

EASILY REMEDIED.

DISTRESSED YOUNG MOTHER (*travelling with a crying infant*): "Dear me! I don't know what to do with this baby."

KIND AND THOUGHTFUL BACHELOR (*on the next seat*): "Shall I open the window for you, Madam?"—*New York Life*.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL TALKS.

Even if I am in "the last stage," as my patron, Mudie—beg pardon, late patron—would call it, I have still one advantage left to me as a three-volume novel. I can interview myself by means of one volume, and have a third to spare as audience for the interview. Thus I am able to lift my voice, if only in a sort of coronach, from the depths of these catacombs, to the level of New Oxford Street and the outer world.

"What on earth is meant by 'the last stage,' for I confess the phrase, in this connection, is new to me?"

"Don't know what my patron, Mudie—beg pardon, late patron—means by 'the last stage'?" Well, I'll best explain it to you by giving you the story of how I have reached it. Initially, I was written by somebody—a lady, as a matter of fact, but I wouldn't tell her name for worlds. I might as well have been written by a man novelist."

"But didn't you have some kind of career following your appearance in the book-world?"

"Oh, yes! I was prettily bound, printed in nice wide lines, and all that sort of thing, and, as you say, I was 'taken out' a good deal. Some people read me—grown men or ladies of some years these; and some—young ladies and gentlemen these—simply scampered through me. The reading had this disadvantage, that it was sometimes accompanied by expletives on the part of the readers—the men only, of course; and the scampering through worried me, because it struck me that I was being slighted. But, anyhow, I found my way into the hands of this library subscriber and the other, the periods of rest on my shelves always growing longer and longer, until, finally, I thought I had gone into retirement altogether."

"Well, and what happened next?"

"Oh, I was trundled downstairs to make room for some other novel more in demand, and only once was I fetched up, on the call of a quaint old lady, who had read me before, and wanted to read me a second time. You see, one of my characters is a cat—a very subsidiary character, I ought to say, in justice to myself—and this old lady had a cat, on whose lines, she felt sure, the cat in me had been modelled. So, as I say, she wanted to read me a second time, and I felt as flattered as I'm sure my author would have done had she known it."

"An exciting career you've had altogether?"

"Eh? No matter. When I returned I was once more sent downstairs, and the only change since then is that I have gone from one catacomb to another. There was always the possibility that from the first catacomb I might be called out again, although, actually, it only happened once. But here, in the uttermost catacomb, I have reached 'the last stage,' and when the call comes it will mean my eclipse altogether."

"How long, might I ask, has it taken you to work out this history?"

"Three, four, five years—really, I'm not sure, for one is apt to have a loose memory for what one doesn't want to remember. Nicely expressed that, isn't it? and I lay it, with my salutations, at the feet of Oscar Wilde. But now I'll take you over this average history of the average three-volume novel, as I illustrate it, from another point of view. When you want to cast a hard, dry, accurate light on anything, examine that thing from the financial side, as I'm just going to do with myself."

"Began, I suppose, at a guinea and a half publishing price?"

"Quite so; a guinea and a half. That, as you understand, meant eighteen shillings to the library, or six shillings a volume. Ah, the regal feeling, the dignity which the consciousness of my aristocratic price gave me in those warm, first days of my youth! They taste bitter enough in memory now, for I differ from the faded aristocrat among men, in that I cannot live and find credit on the memory of a few brief hours' magnificence. My illusions in respect of my financial standing were first interfered with somewhat before the old lady with the cat resembling the cat-character in me came for me a second time. I was told by a neighbour in the next bin—we three-volumers in retreat do occasionally gossip with each other—that I had been entered for sale in some list at seven and sixpence."

"Something of a fall, certainly."

"Yes, and the next thing I heard was that I had been re-entered, at six shillings, this time. 'Surely somebody will think I'm worth that,' I said to myself, 'and take me and lay me in a cosy corner of a drawing-room library, where I can at least have all the excitement of afternoon tea-parties, and their accompanying scandal.' But no, nobody wanted to risk six shillings on me; and then came another drop to three and sixpence, and still another to half-a-crown. When I got to the democratic half-crown, my feelings, if I really had any left, were such that I would hesitate to describe them to anybody. Quite a long while did I linger at the half-crown ticket, for there seemed, as I thought, to be a disposition not to put me to any further degradation. But, as nobody would buy me for half-a-crown, I was lumped up in a parcel of a hundred volumes, and the whole parcel bracketed in some sale-list at fifty shillings. Think of it! I began at a guinea and a half, and here I was offered at sixpence a volume. Ridiculous! No wonder we were not bought! And, not being bought, here I lie, in 'the last stage.'"

"We've got to 'the last stage' now by two roads, so what exactly is it?"

"Simply this, that as nobody wishes to own me as a book for reading purposes, as nobody will have me at any price, I'm to be handed over to the paper-mills and ground into pulp. My covers will be stripped off, and done what with I don't know and don't care; and my widely printed pages will go into the mash-tub at the paper-mill, to emerge, in fulness of time, paper once more!"

It's all very sad, isn't it?

J. M.

THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

V.—THE CEMENTED BRICKS.

"The Cemeated Bricks! Who or what are they? Is it a new order of Hod-fellows, or is it a building society?"

That question, or series of questions, was put to me by a lady three years ago. This article will supply the answer.

About five years ago, four young men in London were drawn together by a certain similarity of journalistic-literary tastes and aspirations. They had gravitated together from various places: one from a chemist's shop, *vid* a Hull newspaper; another from a newspaper office in the West of England; the third from a similar centre of "light and leading" in Lancashire; while the fourth would-be penman and present writer was chained, as Lamb puts it, to the "desk's dead wood" in a counting-house near the Strand. We few, "we happy few," met, and that frequently, in the rooms of one of our number in Great Ormond Street, and there, like the walrus and the carpenter in Lewis Carroll's book, "talked of many things"; discussed men and books, politics and social subjects—settled with a wave of the hand matters which a session's discussion at St. Stephen's left almost untouched, and made and marred the reputations of books and their writers with an epigram. Man is the only animal—as far as our limited knowledge of natural history goes—who is clubbable, and the four set to work to form a society. "Cemented Bricks" was the title hit upon, in unconscious imitation of a similar *coterie* which flourished thirty years earlier, and which numbered among its members, to name but two, Sir B. W. Richardson and Mr. Joseph Knight. Appropriate mottoes were immediately lighted upon by one of the "foundation Bricks," who knew Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" better than the works quoted. The writers who were thus made to justify the existence of the new structure were Blair and Shakspeare, and their respective contributions find a place as illustrated at the end of this article. The passage from Henry VI. proves conclusively that Shakspeare foretold the existence of the *coterie* of which I am here historiographer; Ben Jonson was a trafficker in bricks: obviously, then, Jonson wrote Shakspeare. I offer this suggestion to the belated Baconians and Co.

Well, the Cemented Bricks were firmly established, and they who formed the "Brick-wall" were Brothers. But even brothers must be governed by laws, and one of their number in autocratic fashion set out to draw up a code of rules. For months—for years, those rules were most unruly; at every meeting the Brother who had originally drafted them, and who seemed to look upon them as his own especial property (so far as tinkering and enforcing them was concerned), would rise to propose amendments. He was a stickler for exactness, he wanted something besides the amount of the subscription made definite, and he has his reward, for now each annual programme has the brief rules set forth upon it.

The early constitution of the Brotherhood provided that each Brick should, in turn, act as host to the rest, that each in turn should read a paper, and that each in turn should preside at the meetings. With the increase of our members, a "revision of the constitution" became necessary. For some months the Bricks went on adding to their number, until the full limit of thirteen was reached; and still some friends, like Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson in "another place," "yampered let me in," and, to make room for them, the number of regular Bricks was increased to thirty, and provision made for the election of "Corresponding Bricks," from among whom vacancies on the original roll could be filled. One of the most recently elected of these corresponding members is Professor Paolo Bellezza, of Milan, the scholarly Italian critic of the works of Tennyson. During next autumn, Professor Bellezza has promised to address his brother Bricks on "The Literary Intercourse between Italy and England in the Fourteenth Century."

Here, there, and everywhere, as month after month went by, the Bricks foregathered at their various homes; but when one was living at Tooting, another at Isleworth, another at Hampstead, and another at Chiswick, it was felt that a common centre should be decided upon. With the increase of numbers, indeed, this became absolutely necessary, for though wives (to say nothing of sisters, cousins, and aunts) might have

no objection to entertaining half-a-dozen, they drew the line at a whole cart-load of Bricks. A vegetarian restaurant near Charing Cross was the first headquarters, but this was given up after a few months, and a move made to Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street.

One rule of the society, which has been held to firmly from the outset, provides that the Bricks shall have no president (this, no doubt, lays them open to Mr. Herbert Spencer's scorn, as expressed in a recent controversy which that philosopher had with a certain Land Society), but that its interests shall be looked after by a Board of Works, a Clerk of the Works, and a Finance Member. Another rule still clung to is that no votes of thanks or other formal compliments shall be proposed at the meetings. Although the society has no head—I pause for the scoffer to make the inevitable and obvious joke—it is found necessary to have someone in authority at each meeting, and the Bricks are placed in order in the chair and are dignified for the evening with title of Master Mason. The duties of the Clerk of the Works (abbreviated into C.O.W., and familiarly known as the Cow) are, to apprise Bricks of the meetings, to keep the minutes, to make himself generally useful, and—to be thoroughly abused for it. The hardest work is done by the Finance Member in gathering in the subscriptions.

Since the Bricks increased in number they have been addressed by several notable visitors. Mr. Sergius Stepniak and Mr. Felix Volkhovsky on our first migration to Anderton's dealt with the subject of "Russian Literature"; Mrs. Fawcett on our "ladies' night," early last year, spoke of "The Women's Appeal for Woman Suffrage"; Mr. A. E. Fletcher (editor of the *Daily Chronicle*) has explained to us the relation between "Christian Ethics and Practical Politics"; while Prince Kropotkin has expounded for us "The Philosophy of Anarchism." The Bricks themselves have touched on many and varied themes—George Meredith, Matthew Arnold's poetry, Ruskin, Walt Whitman, Ethics in Music, Waller, Astronomy, Socialism, and Thackeray, have been discussed, to name but a few, and those at random. Richard Le Gallienne has made plain to us "The Religion of a Literary Man," and has fancifully spoken of "Poets and Publishers." On one occasion, in their earlier days, the Bricks showed the diversity in their unity by a symposium on "The Pleasures of Life"; one finding his supreme pleasure (with shame be it owned, he is *still* a Brick) at the dinner-table, another in his profession (medicine), another in fishing, and another in proving, in verse, that pleasure did not exist.

The Cemented Bricks, then, are some forty-odd men of various ages and of varied tastes, bound together by a certain unity of aspiration, one of whom stands up for about an hour on the third Wednesday in the month and enlightens his brethren on a subject chosen by himself. For the next two hours that Brick retains his seat, while the rest rise, one after another, and show that, although they know nothing of the matter



Photo by Hells and Sons, Notting Hill Gate, W.
MR. WALTER JERROLD.



Friendship! mysterious Cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!

CLAIR.

And the Bricks are alive at this day to
testify it: therefore deny it not.

SHAKSPERE

The Cemented Bricks

January—1895—December.

BOARD OF WORKS:

S. A. HERTZBERG,

R. M. LEONARD,

J. A. HOBSON,

W. W. MACKENZIE,

WALTER JERROLD,

G. H. PERRIS.

J. A. ANDERSON (*for Finance*), 17, Hillsboro' Road, Dulwich.

Clerk of the Works,

A. A. STRONG,

4, Eastcheap, E.C.



in hand, yet the Brother who has dared to address them knows still less. And, as Charles Lamb said of the gatherings at his rooms, "any gentleman that chooses, smokes."

The Bricks have dined twice, and hope to do so again.

My questioner of three years ago is answered. WALTER JERROLD.

THE GAME OF HOCKEY.

Photographs by John Williams, Rhyl.

The game of hockey is one of our oldest forms of pastime, and there are but few who, as boys, have not played it in a more or less crude manner. It can be traced back to considerably more than a century ago, but for many decades was without a head or ruling authority: indeed, it is only some eight or nine years since a few enthusiasts, determined to put their old private-school game on a sound footing, formed a Hockey Association, which has, under the most careful and clever management, flourished and extended beyond their wildest expectations—in fact, just as cricket was evolved by the M.C.C. and county organisations from the top-hatted, under-arm game of former years, to the finished, perfect, and universal summer game of to-day, so hockey, organised and cultivated by the Hockey Association, has advanced with such rapid strides that it now stands in a front place among our national winter games.

A hockey team consists of eleven



LOOSE PLAY!



"ROLL-IN."

players, and the positions they occupy in the field are similar to those occupied by the players of Association football. The game is usually played for an hour and ten minutes—viz, thirty-five minutes each way. The club, or stick, now used is very different to the old-fashioned walking-stick type—short, stout, and with a hook at the end. It is as perfect as the modern cricket-bat compared with the old bats of fifty years ago. At the present time the weight of the club is unlimited, but there was considerable agitation at the last spring meeting of the Hockey Association upon the matter, and it is quite probable that before long



"AFTER THE BALL."



THE BULLY-OFF!

the weight will be limited to twenty-two or twenty-four ounces. The ball used is a cricket-ball, painted white, and the goals are similar to those of Association football. In and around London alone there are now upwards of thirty clubs, the majority of which possess two teams, while several larger clubs are obliged to arrange third-team matches in order to provide games for their numerous members. Manchester and Liverpool, too, are not behindhand—indeed, the rapid growth of the game in these centres has been even more remarkable than in the

Metropolis. Manchester and district can boast of possessing some twenty clubs, and Liverpool a like number, each club turning out two, and, in some instances, three teams every Saturday. Oxford and Cambridge Universities each have a strong club, and during last season the game was recognised by Cambridge in the University curriculum of sports, and a half-blue granted to those representing the light blues against Oxford in the annual 'Varsity match. As everybody knows, the national game of Ireland in the heroic age was hurling. Now hurling differs only from hockey in the matter of giving "sticks" and "playing off-side," for neither of these offences was severely dealt with by the ancients.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that hockey, as modified and improved by the Hockey Association, has taken deep root in the Sister Isle. An Irish Hockey Union was formed in Dublin in February, 1893, at which time there were but five clubs established, but so great has been the impetus it has given to the game that, after just two years' existence, there are now nearly thirty clubs affiliated to it.

County matches and North v. South matches have been played now for some seasons past, but the Ireland v. Wales game at Rhyl on the 26th ult. was the first international hockey match ever played. This fixture marks an epoch in the annals of the game, and the all-round interest evinced in the match only tends to show that the pastime now ranks very little below football in public estimation. Hockey is, without doubt, a splendid game, tending to exercise the muscles and the minds of the rising generation; while, at the same time, the science that is an essential part of the pastime makes it most interesting to watch. The game has a great future before it.—N. O.

THE BOY WHO WENT SKATING.

From Instantaneous Photographs by W. Norman Blake, Bedford.



HIGH-FLYERS AT THE AQUARIUM.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

"It is ninety feet from my head to the net," Madame Adelina confessed as, her exciting performance ended, we sat down for a quiet chat on matters which were, no doubt, arrant "shop" to her, but intensely interesting to the novice. "I am the only lady in the world who can do that and turn a double back-somersault during the fall."

"Is it not a confusing experience?" I asked.

"Not in the least. My eyes must be open and my head clear during the fall. As you have seen, I bend backwards as far as possible before I



ADELINA ANTONIO.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

let go, and my toes are the last to leave the platform. Then I watch for the net as I descend, and must calculate the exact moment when to turn, that I may land on my back. If I landed on my feet I would break the net. My weight is just doubled by the fall: I weigh ten stone, but strike the net with the force of twenty. I effect the turn with my back, which is the hardest-ried part of my body in this performance."

"Do you practise much?"

"The two performances I give daily are almost sufficient to keep me in training. When I feel I need it, I take a little turn on my trapeze at home, and on Sundays I use it also for a short time. For the last fourteen months, you see, I have regularly given two performances six days a week, without a week's rest. Every day, of course, I need a good long rest in a nice comfortable easy-chair. That is what I find my best restorative. It is chiefly for my back—actual fatigue I don't suffer from; I am very strong, muscularly. Look, Monsieur!"

As Madame spoke, she drew up her forearm, causing her splendidly developed biceps to rise and display itself to full advantage. "Between elbow and shoulder the circumference of my arm is thirteen inches."

"It is, of course, your trapeze performance that has developed this?"

"Yes," Madame replied. "I have practised as a trapeze artiste since I was five. I come of a family of trapeze artists. When I was two my father saw what I would be. At five he began to teach me, and in two months' time I gave a performance in my native city, Bucharest. Before I descend from the roof of the Aquarium I have just fifteen minutes of trapeze and ropes performance. No, I don't think of what's to come last. I just remember what's the next thing to be done till the time for the dive comes. In cold weather I do my work very quickly. It's very hard to work on hot days, for the ropes get so sticky. I like a moderate temperature best."

"Do you see your audience as you descend?"

"No, I don't think of them. I must watch the net. But, then, when I've come down well, I get my applause. The secret of success lies in the way I leave the platform. Would you like to see my apparatus?"

So together we inspected the net and tackle, and Madame pointed out the dizzy swinging platform, far up in the dim roof of the Aquarium, from which she makes her venturous plunge. "Of course," she explained, "my husband examines everything before the performance. Have I had escapes, accidents? Yes, some narrow escapes and some serious accidents, during my twenty years' professional life. In that time I have been over the whole world, and have visited even Cashmere and performed before Indian princes. I speak five languages, and write three; but I've forgotten my native tongue—Roumanian. How did I learn the high dive? Just by daily practice: beginning low and going every day a yard higher. I'm ready, even, to improve on my present distance."

"When will you stop, then, Madame?"

"When I leave the stage for good—in five or six years,"

THE FLYING FITZROYS.

Through thirty-one clear feet of space, at a height of about sixty feet from the ground, does little Maude Fitzroy launch herself fearlessly, knowing that her sister, Adeline, who hangs from her trapeze on the other side of the Aquarium, will not fail to catch her securely. But before she can be caught this clever little thirteen-year-old crashes through both ends of a big drum of paper which bars her passage. More wonderful than all, she performs this feat with her head and body in a sack.

"It's easier, of course," Maude explained, after the performance, "to do it without the sack, which was my own idea. One day I thought I'd do it in a sack instead of free. The great thing is to judge your distance beforehand and to calculate the exact time when to leave the platform and the bar. I don't know anything until I'm in my sister's hands."

"And I can't see her coming," interposed Adeline. "You see, the drum hides her completely. The first thing that lets me know to expect her is when I hear the crash of the farther side of the paper drum. I see the legs first. It's a trying feat; but the greatest jerk I have in the business is when my sister turns forward off the bar on to my hands."

"How do you meet it; is there any way of easing it?"

"I just lift my shoulders a little, that's all. Sometimes I catch her with one hand. It's chiefly a matter of quick eye."

"She has a marvellously sharp eye," Mr. Fitzroy put in; "and, for fourteen years of age, a wonderful strength."

"Yes, I can lift two 56 lb. weights," the little maiden owned demurely; "and when I'm hanging from the bar, head downwards, I can hold three 56 lbs."

Besides these accomplishments, the young lady is acknowledged a marvellous contortionist, and during the trapeze performance gives ample evidence of this, for while she hangs by the hands she can bring her legs over her head until they come between her head and the bar.

"All this," she owned, "I do without pain; and Dr. Hamilton, of Brighton, who examined me lately, says I'm just like other people. Father trained us when we were quite little. Maude was always climbing about, and I was always bending about; so father put up a trapeze over



Photo by Emberson, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE FITZROYS.

some straw and began to teach us. That was in the Isle of Man. Father has taught us entirely. We practised twelve months on the double trapeze, and from that went on to the flying trapeze."

"You can turn a wonderful number of somersaults in the net, I can see."

"Yes," Mr. Fitzroy answered on the young lady's behalf; "the other night she did twenty-one!"

"And are you not tired after so much exertion?"

"Oh no!" Adeline answered brightly; "we just feel the same when we come off as when we go on. Confidence? Of course we have! But we wouldn't be all right if we didn't know that we'd the very best tackle and that father constantly examines it. No; but for that, I don't believe that we could do what we do. But we know everything is safe for us. First-class tackle is the chief thing, for confidence, certainly; but the great secret of our success in the business is that we like it!"

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Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

"The producers of 'Mariani Wine' should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that Her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons, with whom stimulating drugs like quinine,

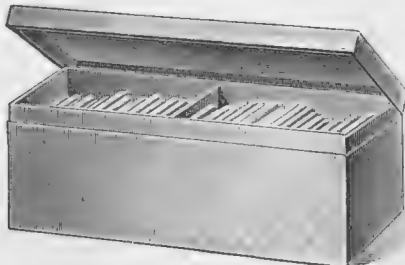
iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well-known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brains and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from 'nerves.'"

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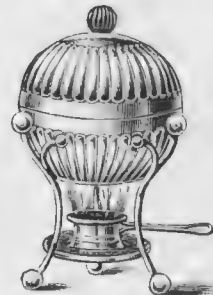
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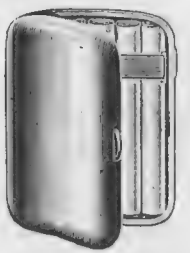
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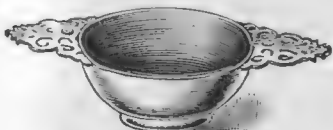
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Length 4 1/2 in. .. £3 10 0
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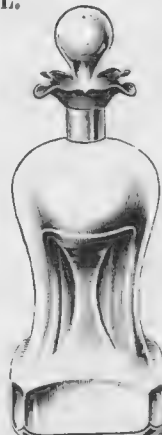


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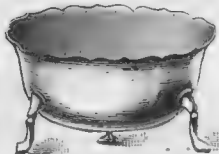
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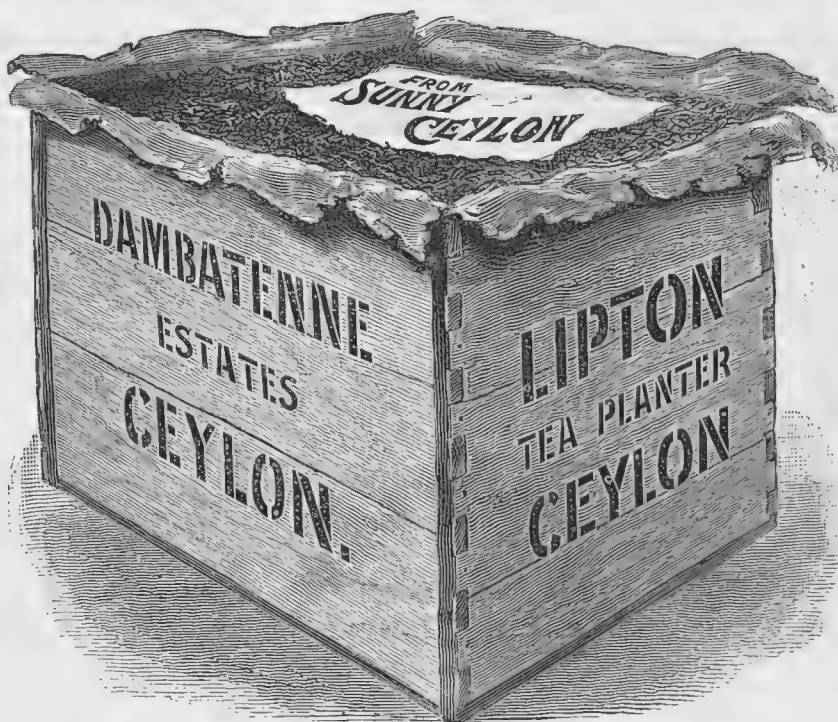
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INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH, 1895.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

F. Leslie-Jones (three-quarter back). E. W. Taylor (half back). J. F. Byrne (back). Whalley C. Thomas (forward). W. E. Tucker (forward). E. M. Baker (three-quarter back).



G. M. Carey (forward). R. H. Cattell (half back). F. O. Poole (forward). W. E. Bromet (forward). S. M. J. Woods (Capt.) (forward). F. Mitchell (forward). J. H. Fegan (three-quarter back). H. W. Finlinson (forward). W. B. Thomson (three-quarter back).

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

W. Gardiner (three-quarter back). B. B. Tulke (half back). H. C. McCoull (forward). E. Macalister (Hon. Sec.). H. Lindsay (forward). A. A. Brunker (forward). T. Crean (forward).



G. R. Symes (back). H. Stevenson (three-quarter back). S. Lee (three-quarter back). T. J. Johnston (forward). J. H. O'Connor (Capt.) (forward). I. M. Magee (half back). J. T. Magee (three-quarter back). A. D. Clinch (forward). C. V. Rooke (forward).

THE IRISH TEAM.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

It was a piece of good fortune that most of the leading Association clubs should have steered clear of each other in the first round of the Cup-ties. In the second round, however, which will be played off next Saturday, several of the leading clubs are drawn against each other, and, of course, some of the favourites will have to go. There are two matches, in particular, round which public interest will centre. I refer to the ties between Everton and Blackburn Rovers, and Sunderland v. Preston North End. It is, of course, a great stroke of good fortune for Everton and Sunderland that the ballot has favoured them in the choice of ground. In the case of Everton especially, it is almost certain that, had they to visit Blackburn, they would have failed, whereas on their own ground they stand a very fair chance against the redoubtable Rovers.

No club has won the Association Cup so often as Blackburn Rovers, nor has any combination an equal reputation as Cup-tie fighters. For this reason alone the Rovers will not be without friends and supporters when they travel to Everton next Saturday. Everton hold a better position in the League, but, in a case of this kind, this fact does not count for much. It is true that Everton have not been defeated on their own ground this season, but once or twice they have come very near it, and their form during the past few weeks has not satisfied their friends.

Sunderland, too, has much to be thankful for in having their Cup-tie played on their own ground. It is only a few weeks ago that Sunderland were defeated at Preston, although they subsequently defeated North End on the Wearside ground. Like Everton, Sunderland have not been defeated on their own ground this season, and, although North End will try very hard to accomplish what no other team has been able to do, I hardly think they will succeed. Sunderland have lately given evidences of quite exceptional ability, and their win in the first round of the Cup-ties, by eleven goals to one against Fairfield, was a long way the best performance in the competition.

Aston Villa are again fortunate in having their Cup-tie played on their own ground. Their opponents, Newcastle United, created a surprise in the first round by defeating Burnley, but they have no earthly chance of repeating their victory at Birmingham. In a friendly match a few weeks ago Bury defeated the Wanderers at Bolton by a narrow majority, and we ought to see another splendid contest when these clubs meet in the Cup-ties on Saturday. Another closely contested tie should be witnessed at Liverpool between the home club and Notts Forest. Sheffield Wednesday have got the softest tie of the lot. On their own ground, the Wednesday club ought to beat Middlesborough, which is now an amateur team, by several goals. Sheffield United will do very well indeed if by any means, even with the advantage of ground, they can beat West Bromwich Albion. The latter have not done well in the League, but they almost invariably go high up in the Cup Competition.

It has been decided to play the first International Association match at Derby, on March 9, between England and Ireland, while the second International, against Wales, will be played at Queen's Club, London, on Monday, March 18. In the match against Ireland, professionals only will be played, while amateurs will compose the eleven to meet Wales. After these matches are played, the amateurs and professionals will meet in a trial-match at Nottingham, probably on Thursday, March 21, after which the eleven will be selected to represent England against Scotland on April 20. It is not yet certain where the England v. Scotland match will be played, but, in all probability, it will be decided in London. I hear also that there is a probability of the final tie for the Association Cup being played at the Crystal Palace, so that Londoners will have any number of representative matches to attend this year.

Already seats are being advertised for the great Rugby match of the season, between England and Scotland, at Richmond, on March 9. England has already defeated Wales and Ireland, and if Scotland succeed in defeating Ireland, as is anticipated, at Edinburgh next Saturday, the match at Richmond will take the form of a final tie for the international championship. Unfortunately for the England v. Ireland match at Dublin, the weather almost ruined the game, especially from a spectator's point of view. The ground was ankle-deep in slush and mud, with hard patches of ice, so that a scientific game was out of the question. At first the Irishmen, by clever foot-work, had the best of the game, and appeared likely to score, but the English defence was excellent. It was a quarter of an hour before the English forwards adapted themselves to the soft ground, but when they gave up trying to handle the ball, and went in for hard pushing and foot-work, they soon drove the Irishmen back. Nothing was scored up to half-time, but the longer the game lasted the more England asserted the mastery. Thomas and Fegan scored tries which were unconverted. After this success England slackened down somewhat, and the Irishmen, coming again, gained a try after a fierce rush. This was all the scoring, and England won a hard battle by two tries to one.

With the return of Bert Gould from the West Indies, it is rumoured that the old Newport man will probably be chosen to partner his brother A. J. Gould at centre three-quarter for Wales against Ireland. One would hardly expect that a man who has not touched a football for nearly two years would be able to get himself fit in two or three weeks' time for an international match. Several other changes are spoken of for the Welsh team, including the selection of Hannen to partner his club-mate, Parfitt, at half-back. This would probably be a move in the right direction, as it would secure a greater degree of combination. On the whole, Wales has been rather unfortunate in her international matches this season, and I am beginning to think that she may not win one of them.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Racecourse expenses are greater than many people suppose, and it is little matter for wonder that so many meetings cannot be made to pay. The hire of a good band costs nearly fifty pounds per day, the police another fifty, then the gatekeepers can be put down at twenty-five. The late Mr. McGeorge used to walk down to the starting-post; now a tasty cob has to be kept for the starter. Two or three men at the most sufficed ten years ago to keep a course in good order; at the present time a couple of dozen labourers are employed at most enclosures. "That's the way the money goes."

A three-volume novel could be easily written on "The Vicissitudes of the Ring." There are men standing down to-day who a few years ago were driving their carriage and pair. There are others betting on the rails who, within the last half-dozen years, I have myself seen supping off threepennyworth of fried fish. The moral of it all is that the book-maker must not grumble if he would hold his own against all comers. It is a noteworthy fact that those pencillers who take little or no interest in racing always go on and prosper, while the racehorse enthusiast, who is bound, sooner or later, to back his opinion, will surely in the end come to the ground. It is only fair to add that the unlimited credit system has brought one or two worthy pencillers to the ground.

It is becoming more and more evident every day that of the exposed three-year-olds Sir Visto is about the pick, and unless the dark Le Var is a smasher, the Premier has a good chance of once more winning the Derby. Raconteur, taking the line through Kirkeconnell, is not above the ordinary, but Curzon has to be reckoned with, and Float, on the Kempton running, can be made out as good as Sir Visto, though I am told Float will run for the One Thousand and Oaks, races she should easily capture.

It may be taken for granted that form will be much upset by the recent frost, and those horses that are inclined to be gross will not be able to run for some little time to come. On the other hand, many of the "suspicious leg" division will be benefited by the rest. John Nightingall once owned a plater that would win every time after a month's rest, but those people who bought the horse out of a selling race did not know this, and he would be periodically claimed again by John, only to go back to South Hatch and tramp the straw-yard, previous to another victorious outing. Many a race has been lost on the training-grounds, and a half-trained horse can generally hold his own against an animal that has been overtrained.

Ascot will once more be the swell function of the racing year. The entries for the several races are good, and quality is well to the fore. Major Clements is showing vast improvements made to the stands and enclosures, but no remedy has been found to widen the tunnel from the Grand Stand to the Paddock. An idea has struck me in this direction which I proceed to publish. It is that a passage be railed off in front of the rings, as has been so successfully done at Gatwick and Lewes. This would relieve the congestion and ensure perfect safety.

One hunter after trifles has discovered that Sporting Journalists are far better paid than Literary Gents. This in the main is correct, but then there comes the question of expenses. It would hardly be believed that the colleague who represents me on the course has to pay out forty pounds per week for himself and staff before he gets a penny-piece towards a profit. It will thus be seen that the race-meetings cannot be "done" at the price of leading articles.

I hear of any number of little weekly sporting papers that are to be started with the opening of the racing season. On the other hand, I am told that the present is the worst winter on record for sporting literature, owing, probably, to the fact that money has been tight. Racing guides, as I have said before, always meet with a ready sale with the opening of a new year, but the paper trade is deadly dull, and many of the little weekly sheets have a hard struggle.

Training horses on the sands by the sad sea-shore is sometimes attended with misfortune. True, Old Joe did his work on the sands the year he won the Grand National. Dr. Dougall, a few winters back, sent several horses to gallop at Bournemouth, as Captain Bewicke has done of late; but they returned home with some cracks, and the outing did them a lot more harm than good. I believe, however, Burbidge often takes his lot to Worthing, and S. Woodlands favours Bognor.

The Newmarket horse-watchers have not yet found anything likely to beat Medicis for the Lincoln Handicap, but many good judges in London are going for Macready, who ran a respectable race last year. From the North of England comes the report that this will be Xury's journey, though I should doubt it, as the horse can hardly be got fit. I think he has a better chance in later engagements. If the Lincoln Handicap goes to the North, I think it will be by the aid of Lottie's Dude, a smart colt with a not impossible weight to carry.

Owing to the recent exposures with regard to racing-telegrams, I believe many of the starting-price commission agents have decided that, for the future, all telegrams containing instructions must be delivered twenty minutes previous to the time set for a race to take place. If this is persevered in, it will remove a great temptation to run in "quick 'uns," and will be equally fair to backers and bookmakers alike. Those layers who persist in doing business after time must put up with the consequences, which at times are rather serious.

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"TEMPORARY INSANITY."

BY "RITA."

"Five years is a long time," he said.

There was the faintest flutter of a fan, and the faintest echo of a sigh.

"To a man, I suppose it is," she answered.

"I thought," he said, "it might even have seemed a little tedious to—a woman."

"We have so many occupations."

"An example?" he suggested.

"Well, luncheons, shopping, visiting, dinners, balls——"

"And husbands?"

She laughed. Her laugh was very charming; in fact, everything about her was charming. Shallow perhaps—even superficial, according to feminine detractors.

"And husbands, of course," she went on. "But I cannot say mine is exacting."

"No; you have plenty of liberty."

"It is what one marries for, Mr. Arbuthnot."

"I used to be Jack—once."

"Five years ago. It is a long time, as you said."

"Long enough to marry, and forget, Lady Deringham?"

"Long enough to inherit fortune and retain memories, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

There was a sigh—from the man this time. His young, good-looking face took an expression of seriousness.

"Yes," he said, "we have done all that in five years. I wonder what we shall do in five more."

"Probably *you* will marry," she said; "and I——"

"Don't baffle my curiosity. What will you do? Remember what you say you have forgotten."

"Did I say that? A woman often says more than she means."

"And a man means often more than he dares say."

"Will you marry, do you think?" she went on, slowly waving the great feather fan to and fro.

"It depends," he said, "on a woman."

Their eyes met. Hers fell. She had beautiful eyelashes and an almost classic profile.

"You mean *the* woman, I suppose, Mr. Arbuthnot? I have heard rumours."

"I dare say. When a man is reckless he doesn't weigh words or actions."

"That means, he flirts, and makes some woman unhappy."

"Because some woman has made him unhappy."

"It seems to me, Jack—I beg your pardon——"

"Oh, don't! I like it. It reminds me of old days—of Beechcroft and the sun-dial, and your white gowns. You still wear white gowns, Tita?"

"Yes, the colour is the same. The fabric is slightly different."

"I think I liked the others best. How pretty you used to look!"

"Mr. Arbuthnot!" she interrupted.

"Oh! I forgot. I wasn't ever to remind you of those days. How happy I was! . . . I wonder did you——?"

"Love in a cottage," she interposed, "is only a dream for sweet seventeen. We ought to be thankful that our parents and guardians prevented our making fools of ourselves."

He thought while he pensively tugged his moustache that if those parents and guardians had known he would drop in for fifteen thousand a-year, they might have been less obdurate to the desires of "sweet seventeen." But it had all happened five years ago, and she had married—married a man twenty years her senior, and was now Lady Deringham, and he was a guest in one of her splendid homes.

She was lovelier than ever, a greater coquette than ever; but as to whether she was happy or not he had never been able to discover.

"I wonder," he said presently, "where the others are?"

"In the billiard-room, I suppose. Shall we go and look for them?"

"No; I am very comfortable. I don't often get the chance of a quarter of an hour with you alone."

"I don't like to bore people."

"You know you don't do that."

He leant forward and took the fan from her indolent hand.

"Listen to me for five minutes," he pleaded.

"If you promise not to make love to me. I hate you when you are serious."

"I shall not be serious. No one is, in your world."

"Isn't it yours too, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

"No, Lady Deringham, and it never will be. I'm going to ask you a question. Will you answer me straight—yes or no?"

She lifted her beautiful eyelashes; the eyes were even more beautiful. They looked a little—perplexed. "What is it?" she said.

"Should you advise me to marry?"

She flushed ever so faintly. The fact of his putting the question seemed to convey that the idea was not of recent date.

"You have been contemplating matrimony," she said. "Why ask me? One of your male friends would be the person to consult."

"The married ones all say no. The unmarried—well, I hardly like to tell you."

She smiled mischievously.

"Why don't you consult Deringham?" she said. "He, at least, believes in matrimonial felicity."

"I cannot ask him to spare me his wife."

"Give me back my fan," she said.

"No, not yet; blushes are as becoming as—those white dresses used to be."

"Give me my fan, Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Say, Jack," he pleaded. "For this one night let us forget the world—the past hateful five years. Let us be the boy and girl who walked under the beech-trees and made love by the old sun-dial in the Dutch garden of Beechcroft."

"You mean that you made love, and I——"

"Listened and allowed me. You do that still, Tita."

She did not smile. The blush burned more deeply in the fair cheek.

"No," she said; "you don't ask my permission—now."

"Perhaps I care too much for you to value it. I am rushing into the fire of my own free-will."

"And yet you talk of—marrying."

"You are married. The prescription seems to have cured you."

"He is very good," she said reflectively, "but dreadfully uninteresting."

"All good people are. It is the penalty they pay for their superiority."

"Then you must be very—bad, Jack?"

"Because I am not uninteresting. Well, I am horribly dissatisfied. Life is——"

"I think," she said, half rising from her seat, "the five minutes are up. Let us go to the billiard-room."

He took out his watch. "Two more," he said, "and then I shall go straight away and propose to——"

Her eyes looked anxious now. The cluster of pale-pink roses at her breast trembled faintly.

"To whom? Lily Marchmont, I suppose?"

"Yes, she will do as well as another; and it is selfish to keep fifteen thousand pounds a year to one's self when there are girls who have to turn out in the world as governesses and make their own bonnets."

She laughed again. "Well, she is not pretty," she said; "nor stimulating, I should say."

"She will be the safer," he answered drily.

She rose then. He followed her example.

"Marriage," she said softly, "is a great lottery."

"I think that has been said before. But I don't count on winning a prize."

"Why marry at all?" she said suddenly. "You are independent, untrammelled, your own master."

"No," he said, lowering his voice; "I am only your slave. I want to loose my shackles—trample my fetters under foot."

"And you think," she said sarcastically, "that a little, insignificant chit of a girl like Lily Marchmont will help you to do that! Believe me, Jack, you are making a *mistake*."

"If I could hear you say that you had made one too, I should be happier, Tita."

"Would it——" She hesitated, and held out her hand for her fan. "Would it keep you from proposing to Lily Marchmont to-night?"

"Yes," he said, "it would."

Slowly she opened the fan, closed it, let the hand that held it fall by her side. "I—I think I have, Jack," she said.

He drew his breath sharp—quick. "I was right, then," he said. "You hadn't forgotten? You did love me?"

"I *did* love you. No, not a word more. I—I hear steps. Let us go through the conservatory."

She moved quickly away. He followed. He saw her pause. She turned to him with a suddenly whitened face.

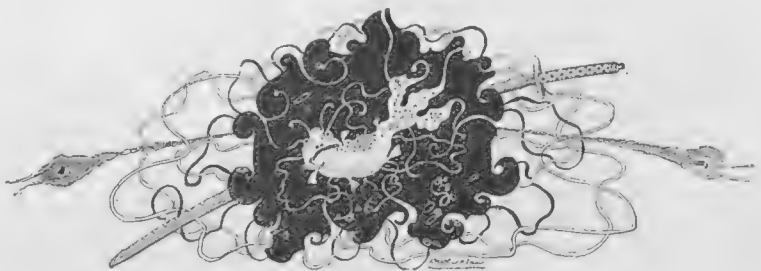
"Look there," she said, pointing to the marble floor. He saw a half-smoked cigarette lying there. It was still smouldering.

"Someone has been here," she whispered.

"I wonder how much he heard," said Jack moodily.

When the news spread through the house next morning that their genial, kindly host had shot himself through the heart in his dressing-room, two people at least knew he had heard enough. But an enlightened jury, taking circumstances and surroundings into judicial consideration, and yet quite unable to give to determined suicide a rider of "accidental death," brought up various family eccentricities of temperament by way of easing their bucolic consciences, and delivered a verdict to the effect that Lord Deringham had killed himself in a fit of "temporary insanity."

"And I was only flirting with Jack," murmured the lovely widow to her bereaved self. "I never meant it *seriously*. I only said I *had* loved him, to prevent his proposing to that odious Lily Marchmont!"



OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE GOWNS FOR "A LEADER OF MEN."

Of the making of new plays and of new gowns for wearing therein there verily seems to be no end just now; but it is an ill-wind which blows nobody good, and we seekers after novelties have every reason to greet the said new gowns with genuine gratitude, for their production has, so to speak, forced Dame Fashion's hand, and compelled her to disclose somewhat prematurely a few at least of her carefully hoarded-up inspirations, which will suffice to carry us through the dull season. This time the gowns for "A Leader of Men" are those which claim our attention. As far as that goes, I flatter myself that each one of us is, to a certain extent, a leader of at least one man; but the particular "leaders" in question are to be found in the new play at the Comedy Theatre, produced on Saturday night, and are blessed with altogether beautiful gowns, such as do not fall to the lot of the average woman.

To begin with Miss Marion Terry, otherwise Mrs. Dundas. She has, for Act I. (which passes in her drawing-room), a charming gown which, with an absolutely plain skirt of white satin, has an elaborate bodice of white accordion-pleated chiffon, held in with bands of silver, and ornamented at the left side with three large steel buttons. The huge puffed sleeves of satin are also combined with silver and chiffon, and over the shoulder passes a thick ruche of silver-bordered satin. As an example of the effectiveness of well-made simplicity, this dress is perfection. In Lady Solway's villa at Kew (Act II.), Miss Terry wears a trained tea-gown of grey crépon, made in the Princess style, the yoke covered both at the back and in the front by a fringe of amber beads, while a sash of amber-hued silk is draped round the bodice, tying high up on the left side in a large bow. A soft puffing of cream-coloured spotted muslin encircles the neck, and is let in at the sides of the puffed



MISS MARION TERRY (ACT I.).

the skirt being of crimson satin brocaded with large single flowers of conventional design. Several of these flowers are cut out and attached in appliqué form to the great puffed sleeves of green satin, the effect being enhanced by an edging of green and gold, and a powdering of red beads on the petals. The bodice itself, which is cut in zouave form, with drooping, pointed revers, is of green mirror velvet, with a full front of écaru lace, held in at the waist by narrow gold bands, while the fluted basques are also of the velvet, and such a delightfully becoming effect do they have upon the figure that I rejoiced to see them once more and breathed a prayer that they might not leave us altogether yet awhile. Next comes, in Act II., a charming dress of pink crépon, patterned with white spots arranged in vandykes. This, at least, is the fabric chosen for the plain skirt and the wide bodice revers, while white satin composes the full pinafore front, which is outlined with narrow black velvet ribbon and drawn up over a yoke of gathered cream lace, caught in with lines of gold passementerie. The sleeves, too, are of white satin, finished at the elbow with a band of green satin ribbon, outlined with gold and studded with many small black velvet-covered buttons, the same effective trimming bordering the revers and composing the waistband, which is tied in a smart little bow at the left side. Last, and not least, as regards elaborate detail, though its very simplicity is the perfection of art, is an absolutely plain gown of green crépon, and this finishes the record as far as Miss Alma Murray's gowns are concerned.

Miss Le Thiere has two handsome matronly costumes, the first of purple plush, with a full front of shot silk, and the next of shot black-and-brown crépon, with a cap of Spanish lace falling on to the shoulders and finished on the hair with a yellow bow; Miss Gillan's one dress having a skirt of mauve-striped silk and a bodice of white chiffon over pale blue, trimmed with a large blue bow and a paste buckle, a finishing touch being given by the addition of a bunch of lilac. So you see that all these "leaders," from the first to the fourth edition—if one may be forgiven for so speaking—are worthy of the careful perusal of women in general. By the way, it is interesting to note that these eminently smart modern gowns are the production of that same Mrs. Nettleship, of 58, Wigmore Street, who created the exquisite garments of Guinevere, Elaine, and Morgan le Fay in the Lyceum "King Arthur."

MILLINERY UP TO DATE.

The long-suffering patience and faith of the milliners, who, in spite of the frozen coldness of the clerk of the weather, persist in decking their windows and their hats with spring's most tender flowers, have had their effect, in my case, at any rate; for, imbued at last with the idea that, at some not very distant date, the frost and the winter might



MISS ALMA MURRAY (ACT I.).



MISS ALMA MURRAY (ACT II.).



MISS MARION TERRY (ACT II.).

sleeves, which, with their deep shirred cuffs, are of the crépon. Miss Terry's last costume is an accordion-pleated cloak of Gobelin-blue silk, trimmed with jet cabochons and a large fawn-coloured hat, lined with black and adorned with blue feathers and rosettes.

Miss Alma Murray has the elaborate dresses in this piece, as in the last Comedy production, and, indeed, she has the happy knack of showing off a smart dress to the very best advantage, and accentuating all its good points. She first appears in a particularly handsome dinner-gown,

together melt silently away, and so enable us to appear in the glories of new spring millinery, I passed inside from the contemplation of Mrs. Farey's violet-decked window at 231, Regent Street, to the closer inspection of some of the pretty things therein displayed. Of course, there were violets everywhere, of every imaginable shade and size; but another candidate for popular favour is the wallflower, which, reproduced in exquisitely shaded silk and velvet, and in a size which the modest blossom itself would hardly recognise, is to be very largely used during

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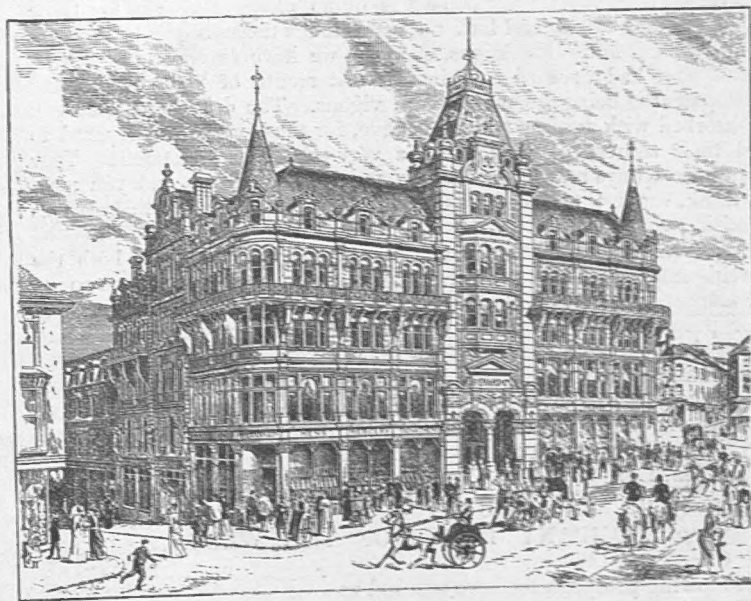
the forthcoming season. A "wallflower" toque, which took my fancy so much that I had to call in the aid of the artist in order to hand on its charms to you, was one of the best examples of the successful introduction of the flower which once used to be considered the outward and visible symbol of a neglected old-maidhood, but which will speedily be the recognised badge of fashionable beauty. This toque, which was wide in shape—as are all the newest toques—was composed of fancy black straw, a twist of black glacé silk, fastened with a paste buckle, being arranged in front, with a fan-bow of black accordion-pleated chiffon at each side, and a high black osprey at the left. It was bordered with a thick edging of huge silken wallflowers, in beautiful shades of golden yellow and rich browns; and when I mention the price—thirty shillings—I fancy that its merits will so commend themselves to you, that you will think it advisable to have this toque in readiness for wear on the first day which heralds the approach of the milder weather. Even more alluringly spring-like was the hat sketched, which was of coarse brown straw, the crown set round with clusters of mauve velvet roses arranged in groups of two, and the left side being adorned with a large bow of brown satin ribbon, one full-blown rose resting on the hair at the back. And a guinea is the modest price of this truly pretty



little bandeaux for the hair will specially appeal to you, notably some very *chic* little lace wings attached to hairpins, which are only 3s. 9d. a pair, and smart little sprays of violets or other flowers for fastening at each side of the hair at the back, the price being the same.—FLORENCE.

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thing. Then, for elegant simplicity, commend me to a large hat of pale-tan straw, very soft and fine, and interwoven with gold silk braid, as approved by the latest edicts of Dame Fashion. Five black ostrich tips, placed erectly round the crown, constituted the only trimming, with the exception of a half-bandeau and bow of black velvet, fastened with a paste ornament. Equally successful as a contrasting example of a much-trimmed hat was one of brown chip, adorned in front with two bunches of red roses and two black-plumaged birds, and at the back with two immense clusters of violets; another elaborate hat being of pale-mauve straw, the trimming consisting of a great bow of creamy satin ribbon, patterned with a raised design of single violets in mauve velvet, and a loose bouquet of the same tender-hued flowers, with a mauve osprey rising from the centre. Underneath there was a tiny bandeau of velvet, finished with a half-wreath of violets, a loose trail falling on to the hair. Then, to go back to the wallflowers once more, two high sprays in a lovely shade of emerald and gold formed the trimming in the front of a hat of black fancy straw, which was also adorned with black accordion-pleated chiffon and a bow of glacé silk in the same colour, which, lovely as it was, did not appeal to me as much, as far as the wallflowers were concerned, as the natural shades of yellow and brown. However, as all tastes must be suited, Nature's guidance must sometimes be forsaken. Lastly, there was a combination of violets and forget-me-nots, which appeared on a toque of emerald velvet shot with gold, and which seemed to me to demand special recognition, and which, with the others already gone into, will, I fancy, be enough to make you forget the wintry weather for the time being, and revel in thoughts of the pretty things which you can do with the coming of the spring. If, in the meantime, you are indulging in winter festivities, Mrs. Farey's dainty

word in South Wales, stands the house of Ben Evans and Co., of Swansea. Founded twenty-five years ago, on a small scale, by the man after whom it has ever since been called, it has gradually grown to its present size, occupying the finest block of trade buildings in Swansea, and yielding an immense income. The time has come when it has been decided to give the customers of the firm a chance of sharing in the prosperity which a command of the Swansea and Rhondda Valley trade confers upon the establishment; but, for the financial aspects of the conversion, we must refer our readers to our City columns.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 9, 1895.

As we anticipated, the Bank return shows increased strength, not only in the stock of bullion, but in the proportion of the reserve to liabilities, which has again risen to over 70 per cent., with further heavy shipments of gold on the way to our shores.

Consols have rallied, and are again over 104½, while Colonial stocks have presented marked firmness. The Chinese loan has failed to attract investors, principally because of certain underwriters who, being anxious to get out, threw big blocks of stock on the market regardless of price. The security is safe enough, but, with a Japanese victory in the papers every day, it is not surprising that an indiscriminating public has refused to subscribe. Another failure has been the Great Northern and City Railway, where, we understand, the directors have not seen their way to proceed to allotment because of the poor response to the prospectus. The line is pretty sure to be carried out, although the failure of the issue will, no doubt, cause considerable delay.

Home Rails have been flat all the week, on bad weather, bad traffics, and bad dividends—a combination of misfortunes calculated to knock the bottom out of any market. The Great Western distribution was quite ½ per cent. worse than the market expected, but the North-Western dividend came very near to the estimate, and, for a solid investment, "Brums" are a favourite security for people who like to sleep securely on the things locked up in their strong-boxes. As we anticipated, East London stock has "sagged" to nearly the old price, at which, no doubt, the bucket-shop operators picked it up before the "rig" was so cleverly worked and they got out at a profit. The only result of the whole "job" has been that certain people got in cheap and cleared out at about 30 per cent. profit, while their victims, the public, have got the stock at all sorts of prices above the present value.

You ask us whether you shall take your profits in Mexican Six per Cent. stock, or hold, and we can only say that we believe the security is good enough at its present price, but that it seems like flying in the face of Providence not to secure some of the profit, considering the price at which, on our advice, you purchased the bulk of your holding. From sixty upwards we have advised the stock, and, if you will allow us to realise some at least of the large holding you have thus secured, we shall feel a considerable weight of responsibility removed from our shoulders.

The new loan, which has a better security than the 1890 issue, is cheaper than the other loans, and any holder of the 1888 or 1890 loans would do well to exchange. Chilean stocks, for people who like this sort of thing, seem to offer a very fair 5 per cent. investment, and there is no reason to stop buying Uruguay Three-and-a-Half Stock.

The long-expected Allsopp dividend has been announced, at the rate which we led you to expect; and it is clear, from such a distribution, that the company is in a strong position. We are inclined to think that it would be a good plan to pick up stock on any set-back for investment, as distinguished from speculation. The Ben Evans prospectus, of which we wrote you, is to be out on Tuesday, and you will see that the shares and debentures present an excellent opportunity to place capital which may be earning nothing at your bankers'.

The Mining market is in the state that it is quite impossible to say whether any particular shares will, for the moment, rise or fall, but we believe, dear Sir, that the "boom" is by no means over, and for those who can afford to buy and lock up good shares there is plenty of room for profits still left. Eastleighs, of which we have several times written to you, have had a record crushing for last month of 2088 ounces, and development is being pushed on with vigour. The debenture issue will be absorbed with avidity, and we believe, for those who are prepared to hold their shares, they will prove a very profitable investment. Your friends are always asking for cheap shares for speculation, and you may, we think, suggest to them Zapopan, Agnes Block, and North Sheba as promising ventures.

Western Australia is very much in evidence just now, and both the Murchison and Pelburra goldfields are likely to become well known on this market. The pioneer company dealing with the Bamboo Queen and other properties on the latter field was, we hear, privately subscribed during the week, and the shares are held in very strong hands. Among Indian mines, Champion Reefs, in which we bought you a few shares more than a year ago, has been in prominent demand, and for investment purposes—so far as mines can be investments—we see few better shares than these.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE AUSTRIAN INCANDESCENT SHARE COMPANY, LIMITED.—This concern is an offshoot of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, and the prospectus is one of the most remarkable documents we have ever seen. The company is formed to purchase 775 shares of the Austrian Incandescent Gas Light Company, at a price which represents 400 per cent. premium on the face value of such shares, and the vendor retains the right to vote in respect of the purchased shares for five years. It may be all right, but, considering that at this moment an action is going on in which the validity of the master patents is, we hear, to be seriously contested, we think there are good grounds for a prudent man to hesitate before joining this remarkable company.

BEN EVANS AND CO., LIMITED.—This Swansea drapery business is being offered to the public and with a moderate capital. Both the shares and debentures—which, by the way, yield 5 per cent.—are a good investment, and the whole concern is both a good home investment and comes from an honest quarter. About two years' purchase is asked for the goodwill, and the debentures seem to us a very tempting security, being amply secured on freehold and leasehold premises, besides having a floating charge on the assets of a flourishing business. We have no doubt the public subscription will be very large.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. A.—We can only give names of brokers or dealers in private letters, for which you must comply with Rule 5.

VOX CLAMANTES.—You are quite right. We were wrong, because we believed—the opinion of nearly every barrister and solicitor of standing in London—that the Corporation would win the Ottoman Bank action. We know that even the solicitor for the Bank thought so, and the result has made the difference between our advice being right and wrong. We bought one hundred shares for ourselves in December last. We do not think the concern will be wound up, nor do we anticipate further heavy calls.

BLARNEY.—We never give tips, and we are very disinclined to do so in the stocks you name. Apart from what you call "a rise soon," we know (1) there is a very bad market in these shares—sometimes all buyers and then all sellers. There is no certainty as to what "rig" may be engineered, but, on merits, we would not buy them. (2 and 3) At present prices you cannot do much harm, and we would rather buy than sell. (4) For a lock-up, we believe in them, but for a quick rise it is doubtful.

MICROBE.—These debentures are quite unknown on the market; and the less you read the paper you mention, the better.

J. G.—Your initials are not readable. The only way we can supply the names of dealers or brokers is by private letter, for which see Rule 5.

LANGFORD.—You are, we believe, safe in letting these people collect your prize, if you ever get one; but, of course, a banker could do it for you. The firm you name would be liable for selling you a "stopped" bond. We believe a *bond fide* holder for value would be entitled to payment, but it might mean a lawsuit in a foreign country.

G. W.—When you send us the fee for a private letter we will write you one, but we will not do so again until you pay for the last. C. E. M. and Co. are members of the Stock Exchange. Carry over the shares until they show a profit, and then see if you can get it.

KNOW NOTHING.—We advise you to have nothing to do with Messrs. S. G. Pitfield and Co.'s recommendations.

CIVIL SERVANT.—(1) We should think you hold enough of this trust, which is not one of the best. (2) The Stores shares are over the price you name, and, although good, we think you might take your profit. We suggest Wallis and Co.'s shares, or Telegraph Construction. Breweries are said to be likely to have a good year, as materials are so cheap.

J. J. G.—(1) We know very little of this concern. The price is 1s. 9d. to 2s., and there is a market at present. (2) We do not believe in this company, and should sell if the shares were our own. (3) A gamble, but certainly a good one.

CRIMSON.—(1-4) We think all these shares good to hold, but in the present state of the mining market nobody can say that they will not be cheaper before they are dearer. (5) We think well of this Nitrate Company, but take a reasonable profit if you can get it. (6) Have no dealings with these people. We certainly advise you to deal through a member of the Stock Exchange; or, if you do not object to your bankers knowing what you are doing, through their brokers.

INVESTOR.—We can only say, generally, "Yes." It is impossible for us to say that any particular stock will rise "shortly." The shares you name are, in our opinion, worth buying on their own merits, and we believe, in the long run, such shares will yield a profit.

THOMAS A.—We do not write private letters, except in accordance with Rule 5. You are safe enough in dealing with these people, but you will be made to pay 30 per cent. too much for the bonds. We can send you the name and address of dealers here who will sell them to you at the market price, but you must comply with the rule for private letters.

CAUTION.—Fairly safe, but we would rather hold Uruguay, Mexican, or Chilean stocks.

Z. Y. X.—We do not advise you to lock your money up in Eastern Bank deposits. Aërated Bread shares are good enough, but we prefer Wallis and Co., Ely Brothers, Telegraph Construction, or Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery, all of which will pay you over 5 per cent. You might apply for Ben Evans debentures with safety.

A. M. M.—The list is on the whole a very good one. Stick to your friend the bank manager. Don't buy Erie Shares to sleep upon. Pick up odd six per cent. bonds of Dunedin, Auckland, Wellington, or Christchurch repayable at long dates. Gas Light and Coke A Stock or Imperial Continental Gas might suit you.

K. M. P. AND F. J. D.—We hope you have received our private letter safely with the information you require.